

Alden Ernest

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

ALDEN KINDRED of AMERICA

By these letters we certify that

Ernest Gallaher Alden

is a member of the Alden Kindred of America and a descendant of John Alden, youngest signer of the compact entered into by the Pilgrims of the Ship Mayflower in 1620, and of Priscilla Mullins his wife. And the line of his descent runs as follows through the generations:

Line of Descent

Based on affidavits and published statements

	Married	
John Alden	1622	Priscilla Mullins
Joseph Alden	1659	Mary Simmons
Joseph Alden Jr	1690	Mannah Dunham
Chas. Alden	1720	Martha Shaw
David Alden		Lucy Thomas
Isaac Alden		Irene Smith
Pliny Alden	1812	Anna Upson
Lynman Pliny Alden	1863	Lena P. Kidder
Ernest Gallaher Alden	1908	Katharine Cwing Strouse

To establish the truth of this descent our Membership Committee has verified the authorities submitted, and therefore our names are set below to attest our belief in this our cousin's descent from the great Pilgrim.

Given at Chicago this 14th day of November, 1922, in the 302nd year since the landing of the Pilgrims. National No. _____ Chapter No. 134 State No. _____



Wm. H. Barker President
Jesse A. Cook Secretary
Henry Frederick Fuller Historian
Philip L. Barker For Membership Committee

In ye name of God, Amen

By GEORGE W. STARK

MACKINAC ISLAND, July 24.

—Thousands make pilgrimage to this historic island every summer. Its stature as a shrine of American tradition acquired a new accent recently with the dedication of the Beaumont memorial, a monument to a pioneer physician whose experiments on a wounded trapper opened a door for the most important medical research up to his time.

There was an ancient but alert visitor to this celebration. His name is Ernest Alden, his home is Terre Haute, Ind., and his years are 85. He had a message to deliver and it seemed to be more important even than that famous message to Garcia.

Certainly it is more cloaked in antiquity and it is fairly drenched with the primitive spirit of Mackinac Island. Standing in the shadow of the Beaumont house, Ernest Alden told me the romantic tale of his Uncle Isaac Alden.

MESSAGE IN GUNPOWDER

Uncle Isaac was born in 1812, a year significant in the story of America. What he delivered to Mackinac Island was more than a mere message, consisting, as it did, of a ton of gunpowder and some uniforms for the garrison at the old fort. Nostalgia quite overcame Ernest Alden as he gazed up the hill at the frowning ramparts of old Michilimackinac and told the tale of Uncle Isaac.

It was back in 1833 that Uncle Isaac was commissioned to deliver "a ton of gunpowder and other equipment" to Mackinac by a Capt. Mallory, United States Army, at Rome, N. Y.

Editor's Note: George Stark is Detroit's oldest newspaper reporter, both in years and in length of service.

The contract provided that gunpowder and equipment should be delivered in good condition to Maj. George Washington Whistler at Mackinac. The Major was an important man, not only in a military sense, but also for the fact that he was the father of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, whose portrait of his mother has become something of a symbol in the American way of life.

BEGINS BY SLEIGH

In January of the fateful year of 1833 Uncle Isaac started out from Rome with a sleigh and a team of horses. He had no human companion, because who wants to ride on a sleigh weighted down with a ton of gunpowder? The weather was crisp, clear and cold. The start was auspicious.

But right soon Nature began to throw up her roadblocks, which, in January, 1833, could be frustrating.

First was the January thaw, which melted all the snow, made the runners of the sleigh useless. This necessitated transfer of the unusual cargo to a wagon.

ROADS SLOW HIM

Along the shore of Lake Ontario there came a violent gale and snow and ice piled up to a depth of 15 feet. Uncle Isaac wished he had his sleigh back.

He was compelled to a circuitous inland route, found the roads in terrible condition. Finally, the front axle broke. Uncle Isaac walked four miles to a blacksmith shop, leaving his dog in charge of cargo and supplies.

Repairs were made finally and

Uncle Isaac persisted. He met and conquered the challenge of weather and topography. Horses and man took the ice-crowned hills in precarious stride. Uncle Isaac thought that victory was in sight—until he landed in Detroit. Here he was persuaded not to attempt the trip north to the Straits. So he hired his team out for 50 cents a day, went to work himself to replete his fortunes.

In the early spring he found himself at that fabulous region known as the St. Clair Flats. But its beauty he regarded with a dim eye, since his wagon and horses sank deep in the mud. In a despairing mood he traded his wagon for a small boat. Keg by keg, he transferred the gunpowder and supplies from wagon to ship.

CHEERS ON ARRIVAL

Fair winds and a placid sea carried him at length to his destination. He arrived at the fort at Mackinac on a bright May day. The journey had taken five months. But the ton of gunpowder was intact, the uniforms in splendid condition.

The soldiers gave forth a lusty cheer for Uncle Isaac and Maj. George Washington Whistler made a little speech, praising Uncle Isaac for his devotion, courage, pluck and persistence. More importantly, perhaps, he pressed on Uncle Isaac currency

to the total of \$250, the sum agreed on in the contract.

And that's the story of Uncle Isaac and is it any wonder that his nephew, Ernest Alden, feels more strongly than most the lure of Michigan's Great Lakes?

J.N. Stark 8/6/54

Detroit Newsman Discovers Good Copy in Ernest Alden's 'Uncle Isaac'

Detroit's oldest newspaper reporter, both in years and in length of service, found a Terre Haute Genarian at Mackinac Island resting copy. Ernest Alden, 28 South Seventh Street was subject of a feature story in a recent issue of the Detroit News, a three-column picture accompanying it. The story was written by George W. Stark.

Stark met Mr. Alden at the Point Memorial, a monument dedicated this year to a physician whose experiments on a wounded trapper opened a door for the most important medical research up to his time.

Meeting Mr. Alden, Stark said he was "an ancient but alert visitor to this celebration. . . . He had a message to deliver and it seemed to be more important even than that famous message to Garcia."

"Certainly it is more cloaked in antiquity and it is fairly drenched with the primitive spirit of Mackinac Island."

Mr. Alden, who is 85 years old, told Stark the romantic tale of his Uncle Isaac Alden, who was born in 1812 and what he delivered to Mackinac Island was more than a message, consisting of a ton of gunpowder and some uniforms for the garrison at the old fort.

IT WAS BACK in 1833 that "Uncle Isaac" was commissioned to deliver "a ton of gunpowder and other equipment" to Mackinac by Captain Mallory, United States Army, at Rome, N. Y. The contract provided that the material should be delivered in good condition to Maj. George Washington Whistler at Mackinac.

Stark adds, "The major was an important man, not only in a military sense, but also for the fact that he was the father of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, whose portrait of his mother has become something of a symbol in the American way of life."

The journey began in January, 1833, with "Uncle Isaac" starting out with a sleigh and a team of horses. He had no human companion. Soon, according to Stark's story, "nature began to throw up her roadblocks, which in January, 1833, could be frustrating."

There was a January thaw, the snow melted and the sleigh runners were useless. The cargo was transferred to a wagon. Along the shore of Lake Ontario a violent gale piled snow and ice up to a

depth of 15 feet. On a circuitous inland route the front axle broke.

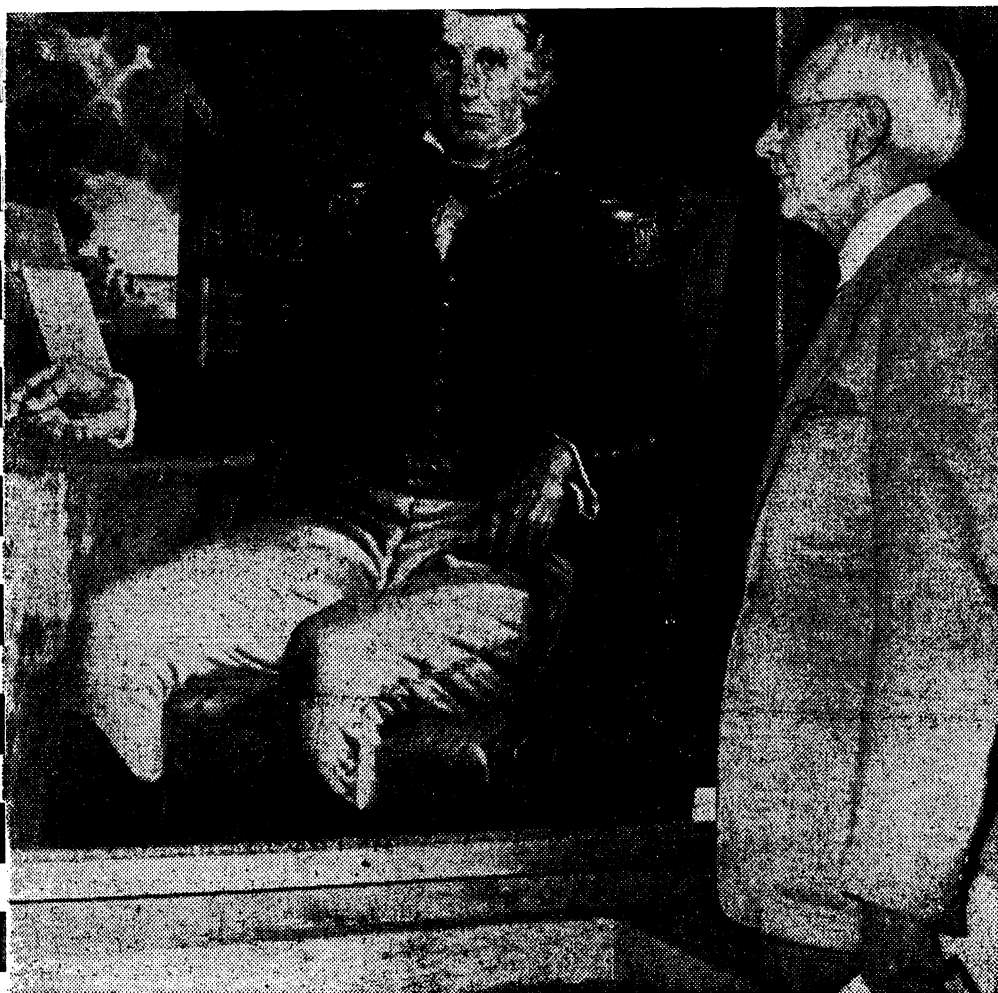
MR. ALDEN'S ancestor walked four miles to a blacksmith shop, leaving his dog in charge of cargo and supplies.

Finally he reached Detroit. There he was persuaded not to attempt the trip north to the Straits. He hired his team out for 50 cents a day and went to work to replete his fortunes.

Early Spring found him at the Clair Flats where his horses and wagon bogged down in the mud. He traded his wagon and horses for a small boat and on a bright May morning finally arrived at his destination with his cargo intact after a five-month journey.

Concluding his story, Stark wrote, "And that's the story of Uncle Isaac and is it any wonder that his nephew, Ernest Alden, feels more strongly than most the lure of Michigan's Great Lakes?"

The picture shows Mr. Alden in front of a portrait of Dr. William Beaumont.



Ernest Alden gazes fondly at a portrait of Dr. William Beaumont and remembers about his Uncle Isaac, who delivered a ton of gunpowder to the garrison in 1833.
—News Photo.

1833

URE OF THE LAKES

Potent Cargo Delivered by Stalwart Uncle Isaac

superintendent of the Rose Orphan Home, now retired. The gentleman in question is E. Huling Woodworth, Thompson, Go., who for a number of years has been searching for names of descendants of that intrepid little band of Pilgrim Fathers who on Sept. 6 boarded the Mayflower and landed in Cape Cod Bay just before Christmas in that long ago December of 1620.

Two years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth were en route to their Georgia home after having witnessed the laying of the keel of the Mayflower II in England, they called on Mr. Alden to discuss the collecting of data on Mayflower descendants, their occupations, social and educational activities. Up to the present time, Mr. Woodworth has registered the names of 108,000 authentic descendants and his feeling that there were a number in the area prompted the Terre Haute call. In collaboration, Mr. Alden has located descendants in Kentucky, Ohio, Florida, California and Arkansas. Some local contacts have proved disappointing due to the lack of printed records beyond the second and third generations.

The New England Historical & Genealogical Society has agreed to accept Mr. Woodworth's compilation for permanent preservation in their library in Boston and this Fall the Mormon church made microfilms of all the names Woodworth has compiled for their genealogical library in Salt Lake City. They plan also to microfilm his manuscript collection. Mr. Alden's findings will be included in both the New England and the Mormon archives.

According to the Mayflower Quarterly published by The General Society of Mayflower Descendants, there were, on July 15, 1957, 10,027 members of the society in the United States, there being a society in every state with the exception of Delaware. Mr. Alden is the only member from Terre Haute and one of 85 members registered in Indiana. With some 60 of those he attended the annual Fall meeting and banquet held Nov. 19 at the Propylaeum in Indianapolis. Discussions at the August gathering revealed that only a small per cent of the membership bear names of the original Pilgrim Fathers, making it evident that the majority stem from the female line.

Mr. Alden is of the opinion that several persons in the vicinity are eligible to membership in the Mayflower Society and suggests that those who can trace their descent from any of the Pilgrim Fathers through printed publications, Bible records, photographs of tombstones or through any other means, apply to Mrs. D. F. Hutchinson, secretary of the Indiana Society, 5815 Indianola Ave., Indianapolis, who will forward the necessary information and application blanks.

LINE OF DESCENT OF ERNEST G. ALDEN

FROM

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA MULLINS ALDEN

Smead
UPC 10334
No. 2-153L
MASTING, MN



June 10, 1954

Dear Children:

As I have but one copy of the "Alden-Smith Genealogy", which gives your line of descent from John and Priscilla Alden, and as I doubt that another copy can be secured, as it was published in 1903, and as only a limited number were printed, I have, for your convenience, and in order that each of you may know your line of descent, copied what I consider to be relevant material from this book and I have added certain information not given, but with which I am familiar, and in which I think you may be interested at some future time.

In case any one of you should ever desire to further study the genealogy, I am sure that the one in possession of the book will gladly let you have it.

Genealogical research entails considerable time, for if it is to be of any value, it must be accurate. If either of you children derive any satisfaction from this research I shall feel amply repaid for my efforts.

Should I feel able to do so, I shall make a copy of your line of descent from Capt. Thos. Munson who was the original Munson in America and one of the founders of Hartford and New Haven, Conn. I have two large volumes entitled "The Munson Family". The record states that Thos. Munson was born in 1613 and died in 1685. He came to America in 1637. He is buried in the old cemetery in New Haven. Lord Munson, the Earl of Oxenbridge, writes that his father spent many years in a study of the Munson, or Monson, genealogy and that there is little doubt that Capt. Thos. Munson is of his line, as both are from

LINE OF DESCENT OF ERNEST G. ALDEN

FROM

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA MULLINS ALDEN

LINE OF DESCENT OF ERNEST G. ALDEN

FROM

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA MULLINS ALDEN

Note: Much of the following is quoted
from the "Alden-Smith Genealogy."
Isaac Alden, my great-grandfather,
married Irene Smith May 18, 1780.

John Alden, the ancestor of the Alden family of America, was born in England in 1599, and came to Plymouth, Mass., in the Mayflower, in the year 1620. Their ship's carpenter had been taken ill, and young Alden hearing of the circumstance from some of the crew, decided to apply for the position. He was married, about 1621, to Priscilla Mullins, daughter of William Mullins, of Plymouth. Eleven children were born to them.. John died in 1688 at the age of 89 and both he and Priscilla are buried in the old cemetery at Duxbury, Mass., near the grave of Miles Standish. Duxbury is about five miles from Plymouth. John lived and died in the home built by a son in 1653. The house is still standing and in excellent condition. It is now owned by an association and is open to the public upon the payment of a fee. Until sold a few years ago to the association, it had been owned and lived in by Alden descendants. It is said to be the only house still standing in which a Mayflower Pilgrim once lived. It contains a number of the personal belongings of the original John. Documents signed by him are in the Museum in Plymouth.

John Alden was the youngest, and the last survivor, of those who signed the immortal Compact of civil government in the

cabin of the Mayflower, then at anchor in the harbor of Provincetown, November 15, 1620. His name is the eighth in the list of signers. President Adams, one of his descendants, claimed for him the honor of being the first to set foot on Plymouth Rock.

The "Bulletin", published by the Midwest Chapter of the Alden Kindred of America, gives the following account of John Alden:

"John Alden joined the Mayflower Pilgrims at Southhampton, England, shipping as a cooper. Under the law at that time every vessel sailing from an English port must carry a cooper. He had not been identified with the Separatists prior to that time and his contract provided that he might return when the Mayflower went back in the spring. But he did not. Governor Bradford, in his "Journal", the most authentic history of that time, says: "Being a hopeful young man he was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay, when he came here, he stayed and married here." His love for the gentle Priscilla doubtless was the impelling cause for this decision.

"This comely youth, as he was described, was born in England in 1599. Tradition states that he was the son of a clergyman of the established church and a college man. His superior education gives color to this belief. John Alden served Plymouth Colony in many positions requiring education. At a time when most of the Colonists were absorbed in the struggle to get a living and so reluctant to serve the public that a fine was imposed upon those refusing to hold office, this patriotic man gave forty-three years to the people. His foresight is instanced in the fact that he

laid out a course for the ship canal through Cape Cod, which was not constructed until nearly three centuries later, being opened by President Roosevelt. He also acted as surveyor, laying out lands for the colony and the people.

"John Alden was assistant to the governor from 1634 to 1639, and from 1650 to 1686, often performing the duties of that office. He was treasurer of the colony from 1656 to 1659, was deputy from Duxbury in 1641-42, and from 1645 to 1649; a member of the council of war from 1653 to 1660, and 1675-76; a soldier in Miles Standish's army in 1643. He was one of eight who guaranteed the payment of the money advanced to finance the Mayflower, becoming liable for the payment of 225 pounds, a large sum at that time. In his old age he was voted the munificent sum of 10 pounds for forty-three years service. He also acted as attorney for the colony in important matters.

"High tribute is paid to the character of this great man by all historians. Holding offices of the highest trust, no important measure was proposed, or any responsible agency ordered in which he had not a part. He was a man of great humility and was 'eminent for sanctity of life, decided, ardent and persevering, of incorruptible integrity. He showed tenderness to the weak and forgiveness to the penitent.' Truly a recital of virtues that his posterity may well emulate."

The "Bulletin" of the Midwest Chapter of the Alden Kindred of December 26, 1926, Vol. 14, No. 2, gives the following account of "The Distinguished Ancestry of Priscilla Alden":

"The name of Priscilla, wife of John Alden who came in the

Mayflower in 1620, is variously given as Molines or Mullins. Genealogists say that these names are Anglicised versions of the French Molineau. The Molines family is said to have descended from Walter, Lord of Falaise, Normandy, about 1030, who married the heir of Guitmond, Baron of Molines.

"James Molines, of Stoke Newington, married Aurelia, daughter of John Florio, of Fulham, who died December 2, 1638, and was buried at St. Andrews, Holborn. John Florio was born about 1553 and died in 1625. His wife was Rose Daniel, sister of Samuel Daniel, poet laureate, who died about 1619. James Molines and his wife had six sons and three daughters. The fifth son was William, thought to be the father of Priscilla.

"Her great-grandfather, John Florio, was an author. His father, Michael Angelo Florio, was a Florentine Protestant, who fled to England to escape religious persecution and in 1550 was preacher to a congregation of Italian Protestants in London. His son, John, was a student at Oxford and became a very learned man. Later he lived in London in close association with the literary people of the period. In 1598 he published an Italian-English dictionary. In 1603 he became reader in Italian to Queen Anne at a salary of 100 pounds a year. He died in the fall of 1625, leaving his property to his wife. His library of Italian, French and Spanish books, numbering 340, was bequeathed to the Earl of Pembroke. The Bishop of Llandoff was executor of the will. A daughter, Aurelia, married to James Molines, a surgeon, is mentioned in the will.

"From the above it will be seen that the ancestry of Priscilla

was a noted one, and of the nobility of learning as well as of birth."

"John and Priscilla had eleven children, nine of whom handed this priceless inheritance down to a posterity that has made the name famous in the annals of American history in many ways. Four were presidents of the United States; many were members of Congress, governors, and served in minor offices. At least one of the name was an admiral in the American Navy." (This last paragraph is also from the "Bulletin".)

A number of years ago I was invited to a garden party at Craigie House, the home of Henry W. Longfellow. In conversation with his daughter, Alice, she told me that she was descended, on her father's side, from John Alden.

William Cullen Bryant told my father, Lyman P. Alden, in Boston that he was a descendant of John and that he felt prouder of being descended from a Mayflower Pilgrim than he would be to be president of the United States.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND PRISCILLA ALDEN

Note: Asterisks * by any name indicate my line of descent from John. E.G.A.

1. JOHN, born in Plymouth in 1622. Died in Duxbury, March 11, 1702.
- * 2. ✓ JOSEPH, born 1624. Died February 8, 1697. (See Second Generation for further history.)
3. ELIZABETH, born about 1625. Died May 31, 1717 at

the age of 93. She married William Paybody of Duxbury.

4. JONATHAN (Capt.), born about 1632. He was buried Feby. 17, 1697. He married Abigail Hallett of Barnstable. She died Aug. 17, 1725. Age 81 years.
5. SARAH, married Alexander Standish, son of Capt. Miles Standish. They had seven children.
6. RUTH, died Oct. 12, 1674. She married John Bass of Braintree, Feby. 3, 1657.
7. MARY, was living in 1688, and died before 1699, when her husband married a second wife. She married before 1667, Thos. Delano (De la Noye) of Duxbury. They had one child. Franklin Delano Roosevelt's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, was descended from Mary Alden through her marriage with Thos. Delano.
8. DAVID, died May 20, 1719. He married Mary Southworth, daughter of Constant Southworth (eldest son of Alice Southworth, widow, who married Gov. Bradford.)
9. REBECCA, is mentioned in the Colonial Records as of marriageable age in 1661.
10. ZACHARIAH. Ann Alden married Josiah Snell, Dec. 2, 1699. Mitchell says she was a daughter of Zachariah Alden.
11. PRISCILLA, married Samuel Cheeseborough, in 1699.

SECOND GENERATION

- * (2.) JOSEPH ALDEN, second son of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, was born in 1624, and died February 8, 1697. He married Mary, daughter of Moses Simmons, Esq., who

came over in the "Fortune". He was one of the original settlers of Bridgewater, Mass.

CHILDREN

- 12. ISAAC.
- * 13. JOSEPH (DEACON), born 1687; died
Dec. 22, 1747. Age 80.
- 14. JOHN.
- 15. ELIZABETH.
- 16. MARY.

THIRD GENERATION

- * (13.) DEACON JOSEPH ALDEN, farmer of Bridgewater, second son of Joseph Alden, (2), was born in 1687, and died December 22, 1747, in the 80th year of his age. He married, in 1690, Hannah Dunham, a native of Middleborough, and daughter of Daniel Dunham. She died January 14, 1743, in her 78th year.

CHILDREN

- 17. DANIEL, born January 29, 1691; died
at his seat in Stafford, at the age
of 80 years.
- 18. JOSEPH, born August 26, 1693; died
December 9, 1695.
- * 19. ELEAZER, born September 27, 1694; died
on his farm near Pine Hill, South
Bridgewater, January 30, 1773.

20. HANNAH, born February, 1696; died in her 81st year. She married Mark Lathrop, of Easton.
21. MARY, born April 10, 1699; died at the age of 80 years. She married Timothy Edson, of Stafford.
22. JOSEPH 2ND, born September 5, 1700; died Oct. 5, 1700.
23. JONATHAN, born December 3, 1703; died November 10, 1704.
24. SAMUEL, born August 30, 1705; died on his farm at Titiquot, at the age of 80 years.
25. MEHETABLE, born October 18, 1707; died at the age of 30 years. She married Barnabas Eaton, of Middleborough.
26. SETH, born July 6, 1710. He inherited and occupied the farm of his father and died at the age of 75 years.

FOURTH GENERATION

- * (19.) ELIAZER ALDEN, of Bridgewater, third son of Deacon Joseph Alden, (13), was born September 27, 1694, and died January 30, 1773, at the age of 78 years. He married, in 1720, Martha, daughter of Joseph Shaw, and sister of Rev. John Shaw. She was born in 1700 and died at the age of 69 years.

CHILDREN

27. JONATHAN, born 1721; died at the age of 84 years. He married Experience Howard, who died Dec. 1809, in her 91st year.
28. ELIAZER, born 1723; died at Bridgewater, at the age of 80 years. He married Sarah Whitman.
29. ABRAHAM, born 1725; died 1727.
- * 30. DAVID, born 1725; died at Ashfield, Mass., August 2, 1809, at the age of 84 years, 1 mo., 24 days. He is buried in the Plain Cemetery, Ashfield.
31. JOSHUA, born 1729; died at the age of 80 years. He married Mary Carver, whose first husband was Seth Alden, son of Capt. Seth Alden, (26). She died December 2, 1811, age 63 years.
32. CALEB, born 1731; died 1733.
33. EZRA, born 1734.
34. TIMOTHY, born 1736.

FIFTH GENERATION

- * (30.) DAVID ALDEN, of Ashfield, Mass., fourth son of Eleazer Alden, (19). He married his cousin, Lucy Thomas. He was born in 1725 and died Aug. 2, 1809 at the age of 84 years, 1 mo., 24 days. He is buried in the Plain Cemetery, Ashfield, east of

1st Ave. Grave is marked by S.A.R. marker, 1775, and flag, near the avenue and close to the Jasper Bement tall white marble monument, and next to Paul Sears' grave who was also a Revolutionary soldier. Inscription on David's monument is as follows:-

"Tender were his feelings
The Christian was his friend
Honest were his dealings
And happy was his end."

CHILDREN

- * 35. ISAAC, born May 5, 1755; died March 5, 1822.
- 36. DAVID.
- 37. JOHN.
- 38. LYDIA.
- 39. KNOCH.

SIXTH GENERATION

- * (35.) ISAAC ALDEN, eldest son of David Alden, (30), was born at Ashfield, Mass., May 5, 1755; died March 5, 1822. He married, May 18, 1780, Irene Smith, of Ashfield, who was born July 4, 1757.

In the year 1800 he moved to Williamstown, Oswego Co., N.Y. where he built a sawmill on a stream called Mill Brook. There were two or three other families that moved to Williamstown at about the time Isaac Alden did, and these constituted

the first settlers of Oswego Co. His nearest neighbor lived four miles distant. A few years later he built other mills on Fish Creek, which locality afterwards became the business portion of the town. We learn of farming and milling enterprises and of logging ventures.

In the year 1811, just before the outbreak of the war with Great Britain, Isaac Alden left his home at Williamstown to make a trip down the St. Lawrence River with a cargo of lumber. On that expedition he was captured by British soldiers and imprisoned and because of his refusal to swear allegiance to the King, he was eventually deported to England, from which exile he did not return until 1820, nine years later. He survived his return only a short time and died in the home of his son, Richard, in Warren, Pa., March 5, 1822. To have accepted captivity and banishment rather than forswear allegiance to England, reveals a true spirit of loyalty and heroism.

His wife, Irene Smith Alden, died in the home of her son, Richard, in Warren, Pa., March 14, 1834.

NOTE: Isaac and Irene Alden were my great-grandparents. More detailed information about them is given on pages 11 and 125 in the Alden-Smith Genealogy, compiled after years of study, by Harriet Chapin Fielding and published in 1903.

E.G.A.

CHILDREN

40. PHILANDER, born Jan. 31, 1782; died July 28, 1810.
41. PHILAMELA, born Dec. 10, 1783; died July, 1861.

- 42. JOSHUA, born June 10, 1785; died Nov. 3, 1848.
- * 43. PLINY, born March 28, 1787; died Nov. 14, 1834.
- 44. ISAAC II, born Feb. 19, 1789; died about 1870.
- 45. FANNY, born Apr. 3, 1791; died April 4, 1791.
- 46. JACOB, born Jan. 27, 1793; died Jan. 27, 1792.
- 47. HIRAM, born Oct. 28, 1793; died Nov. 26, 1838.
- 48. RICHARD, born May 19, 1795; died May 3, 1883.
- 49. ENOCH, born Dec. 9, 1797; died June 27, 1833.
- 50. PHILO, born July 3, 1800; died Nov. 6, 1866.

SEVENTH GENERATION

- * (43.) PLINY ALDEN, my grandfather, third son of Isaac Alden, (35), was born at Ashfield, Mass., March 28, 1787, and moved with his parents to Western, N.Y. in 1794. He married, March 27, 1812, Anna Upson, of Litchfield, Conn. After his marriage he settled, first, on a farm in Williamstown, N.Y., moving later to Floyd, Oneida Co., N.Y., where he continued to reside until his death, Nov. 4, 1834, aged 48 years, 8 mo. He is buried in the old Floyd Cemetery on extreme east side, near a large maple tree, not far from the east fence toward the south end near the slope of hill and south of the Wm. Waldron granite monument.

He was a powerfully built man with a constitution that should easily have carried him to the best years of his ancestors, had he not been exposed for an entire day to a cold, drenching November storm, from the effects of which he died twenty-four hours later. He was a thinker and a great reader;

his ambition being not so much to make money as to know about things and men, and to provide books for his children at a time when books were scarce and difficult to obtain.

In the war of 1812, when Sackett's Harbor was threatened by the British forces he was called out with other militiamen for its defence.

He had a bass voice of great power and compass, regarding which it is related that once, upon the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration, when the firing of an anvil constituted the chief attraction of the day, a fellow townsman, who lived a mile or more from the scene, being asked if he had heard the report of the cannon, replied: "No, but I heard Pliny Alden laugh, easily enough!" When a young man, Pliny was at one time employed to run a sawmill near Sackett's Harbor, owned by a Mr. Hopkins. Alone at his work one night, his foot became caught in the floor planks just in front of the carriage which was approaching him, and which, unchecked, would have torn his foot off. He could neither extricate himself nor reach the lever to shut down the mill. Just at this perilous moment, Mr. Hopkins, who lived a mile away, arrived at the mill, hurriedly shut off the water and released him. His presence there at that opportune moment was due to a dream his wife had had that Pliny Alden was in danger. At first Mr. Hopkins refused to go to the mill just to verify what he considered a fancy, but upon a repetition of the dream, he finally yielded to her entreaties and reached the mill barely in time to rescue his unfortunate employee.

Anna Upson, my grandmother, the wife of Pliny Alden, came of distinguished and patriotic ancestry. Her father, Deacon Ashbel Upson, was born in the same house in Litchfield, Conn., where his ancestors had lived for more than a hundred years. He served in the war of the Revolution. Her mother was the daughter of Lieut. Levi Munson, who also served in the Revolutionary Army, was with Ethan Allen in his attack on Montreal, and was taken prisoner with him and carried to Falmouth, England, where for months they were confined in a prison ship until exchanged. Lieut. Munson was also with Washington at Valley Forge, and at the taking of Stony Point.

Anna Upson Alden was born February 26, 1787, and died April 3, 1862, age 75, at Camden, N.Y. She married Pliny Alden in 1812 when 25 years old. She is buried in the old "Cemetery on the Seventh," about 3 miles west of Camden. After Pliny Alden's death she married Pliny Darrow. Inscription on monument, "She sleeps in Jesus." A number of Munson graves are in this old cemetery. Anna's father, Ashbul Upson, and her mother, Mary Munson Upson, are buried in this cemetery. Ashbul Upson died June 31, 1831, age 71. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War in Conn. and N.Y., 1775, in the militia. Grave has an S.A.R. marker. His wife, Mary, was the daughter of Lt. Levi Munson of Revolutionary War, 6th Conn. Line 1777. Died 1815.

CHILDREN

68. ISAAC ALDEN, born January 8, 1813; died Feb. 7, 1891.

69. FANNY, born February 8, 1815; died in infancy.
70. HENRY, born August 16, 1817; died Aug. 31, 1825.
71. NANCY IRENE, born January 22, 1822; died in 1907.
72. MARY ALMA, born August 12, 1825; died _____?
73. PHILAMELA, born Nov. 7, 1826; died Dec. 11, 1890.
74. JOSHUA, died in infancy.
- * 75. LYMAN PLINY, born Sept. 18, 1831; died Jan. 2, 1904.
- Isaac, (68), Nancy Irene Hill, (71), and Philamela Cook (73) are buried in the beautiful cemetery on Morse Lake, Coldwater, Mich. Lyman Pliny (75) is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery, Lot 179, Terre Haute, Ind., as is also his wife, Philena Kidder Alden.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY TO MACKINAC IN 1833.

On Feby. 7, 1891, at the age of seventy-nine, there died at Coldwater, Michigan, one of the old pioneers of that state whose humorous pioneer experiences he used sometimes to relate to his friends with great gusto.

His name was Isaac Alden, a lineal descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower, in the eighth generation.

Reared on a farm in Oneida County, N.Y., he at an early age acquired a fondness for rural pursuits and forest life, which he never lost though circumstances, later in life, directed him to other pursuits. At the age of eighteen he stood six feet and two inches in his stockings and was well proportioned and powerfully built. A favorite amusement of his at that age was to

shop down big trees just to see them fall and hear the crash. Fond of adventure, at his own request, his father, at the above age, gave him permission to go away from home and seek his own fortune. He soon found a place near Rome, N.Y., with a Mr. Tibbitts who owned a large farm and employed a number of men. The wages he received were \$10.00 per month and his board, which, at that time, were considered good. In a few months his ability and faithfulness led his employer to appoint him as foreman over the other men.

There was at that time a United States Arsenal at Rome, where military supplies were kept, in charge of a Captain Mallory. Mr. Alden had been working on the farm but a little more than a year and was yet only nineteen, when Captain Mallory received from Major Whistler, commanding the fort on Mackinac Island, an order for a ton of powder and a supply of soldier's clothing. Mr. Tibbitts being a responsible man owning a number of teams, was solicited by the Captain to take the contract for delivering the goods at Mackinac, and, after consulting Mr. Alden, and learning that he would be only too happy to undertake the long journey, agreed to transport the goods for \$250.00.

Captain Mallory may have been as redoubtable a warrior as Captain Miles Standish, but he evidently knew nothing of geography as well as of other things. It is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that he informed Mr. Alden that he would not only find excellent roads to Lewiston, but also from Lewiston to Detroit through Canada. He thought that the distance from Detroit to Mackinac was about sixty miles, and that the roads were good all the way, but that he might find the country rather thinly

populated and might possibly have to camp out one or two nights and should be prepared to do so.

The young man, for his services, was to receive from Mr. Tibbitts in addition to all of the fun and amusement which he anticipated from his journey, three cents a day with which to purchase a pint of cider, his full pay of \$10.00 per month, and have all his expenses paid; but it was especially stipulated that he should purchase only one warm meal a day. For the other two meals he was to carry his supplies, consisting chiefly of bread, butter, meat and large quantities of baked beans. Mr. Tibbitts was to provide a spider and skillet for cooking the meat and warming over the frozen beans. He was also allowed to take along his gun and his dog Tiger. Did ever a young man have so glorious an opportunity for seeing the world and on such generous terms? Mr. Alden thought not, and regarded himself as one to be envied by all the young men in the country.

It was now the middle of December, 1833. The sleighing was good and it was thought advisable to start as early as possible so that he could get back before it became poor in the spring. A long sleigh was procured on which was placed a large covered box fastened with a lock. In this were stored the kegs of powder, clothing, food, skillet, spider and blankets to keep him warm in case he should have to camp out nights. High neck stocks were then the fashion, and into an extra lining of this stock the money necessary for his expenses was fastened.

It was a bitter, cold Monday morning when he started on his journey, and the glistening snow covered the Mohawk valley.

Travelling north for a day or so, as he had been advised, he then struck what was called the "ridge road" running parallel to Lake Ontario. By Saturday night he reached Penfield, Monroe County, where he spent the Sabbath. But during Sunday, a rain and thaw set in, and by Monday morning most of the snow had melted, and it was impossible to proceed with a sleigh. Many a young man would have at once become discouraged and turned back. But that was not his character. He soon found a farmer named Benedict, who owned a wagon, and, after telling him his story, showing him his papers and furnishing other satisfactory proofs of his integrity and honorable intentions, soon struck a bargain for the wagon, agreeing to pay for its use twenty-five cents per day until it was returned, which he thought would be in about one month. His box and supplies were transferred to the wagon, the sleigh was left with the farmer and he proceeded on his way. That day, in passing down an icy hill where the road on one side sloped towards a steep gully, his wagon began to slide around, and to prevent its going over into the ravine he was obliged to put his horses into a run, and so safely reached the bottom of the hill. But fancy the young man seated on a ton of powder and going down that hill on a run!

On Friday evening of that week, he reached Lewiston and stopped overnight on the American side. Although he had been assured by Captain Mallory that he would have no difficulty in taking his powder through Canada, his naturally cautious disposition made him distrustful, and he thought it prudent to leave his goods on the American side while he crossed over, on Saturday

morning, to get permission of the Custom House officer to do so. It was well that he did. He was informed by that officer that such goods were contraband, that they would be confiscated and he would be arrested should he bring them over the river.

Returning to the American side he pursued the only other course open to him, which was to try and reach Detroit by the road running along the south shore of Lake Erie.

He reached Buffalo early Sunday morning in time to attend church and hear the Rev. Dr. Burchard, a noted evangelist of that day, who was at that time conducting a revival meeting in that city.

A tremendous northwest gale raged all that day threatening to demolish the church in which he worshipped, and the next morning when he started on his journey, he found that the wind had blown the ice up on the shore road which he had intended taking, to the depth of fifteen feet in places. This necessitated his making a detour of thirty miles through the village of Hamburg.

The mud soon became quite deep and he could make only a few miles each day, and was obliged to walk most of the time to lighten the load for his horses. But he was happy in the thought that he had already overcome many of the obstacles in his way, and that, though his progress might be slow, every mile counted and shortened the distance to be travelled. He had a deep bass voice and as he was fond of singing, was accustomed to cheer his lonesome, tedious journey by singing religious hymns, for he knew no other songs.

One day he felt unusually happy. The sun shone brightly, the

air was soft and balmy, he had met with no mishap for several days and was steadily advancing towards his destination at the rate of from five to fifteen miles per day, according to the condition of the roads. Spontaneously these words of a hymn he had learned came to his mind as expressive of his feelings:

"At anchor laid remote from home
Toiling I cry, sweet spirit come!
Celestial breeze no longer stay
But swell my sails and speed my way."

But alas for human hopes and anticipations! He was singing these lines with a full voice to the tune of Uxbridge, when, in passing through an unusually deep mud hole, suddenly the front axle of his wagon broke with a crash, letting his wagon and load down into the deep slush and mud. He was now in a bad fix. The nearest place where a repair shop could be found was four miles away, and there was no one living near to assist him; but the resolution and sturdy qualities which he had inherited from his Pilgrim fathers did not forsake him. Again he drew upon his reserve stock of energy, waded into the mud, carried out his ton of powder, keg by keg, and, depositing that and his other goods by the roadside, left them in charge of his dog. He then propped up the front of the wagon in some way, and dragged it with his team over the four miles of mud to the nearest wagon shop where he got it repaired. It was early in the forenoon when his wagon broke down, and it was evening when he got back; but his dog was still there faithfully guarding his load. After reloading, he proceeded forward until, at a late hour, he reached a place of

shelter for the night.

On Saturday evening he had only reached Salem, now called Ceneaut, having made only eighty miles during the entire week. There he spent the Sabbath "resting according to the commandment", and attending church as was his custom at home.

During the following week he made much more rapid progress, for the roads were much better. Saturday night overtook him at a little place five miles from Oberlin, where he spent Sunday attending services in a log church conducted by Oberlin students. He felt greatly comforted and refreshed by meeting and worshipping with Christians of his own denomination so far away from home.

From there on, the roads continued to improve, and the dreaded "Black Swamp", east of Toledo, was so solidly frozen that the wheeling was good. He crossed the Maumee River on the ice at Perrysburg. Toledo, "The Future Great", at that time gave little promise of its present importance. Turning northward from that point, without encountering any more serious mishaps, he reached Detroit, then a small city, on Saturday evening after just six weeks of steady travel.

On Monday morning he made inquiries as to the best road to Mackinac, and was astounded to learn that it was hundreds of miles distant--that the country, for almost the entire distance, was a dense, pathless forest, and that he would have to wait till spring and then go by water. Some of whom he inquired naturally thought he was almost demented and laughed at him.

Here was an obstacle to his journey that he could not immediately overcome, but he made the best of the situation. He stored his powder and clothing in the fort at Detroit until spring. He

did not remain idle. Wishing to reduce the expenses his employer must incur by the delay as much as possible, he went to work all winter with his team at such jobs as he could find in Detroit and neighboring towns.

On the 10th of April, 1834, the schooner Austerlitz, Captain Newberry, sailed for Chicago. A few days previously he had sold his team and wagon to good advantage, and was obliged to hire a Frenchman to transport his goods to the boat. Heavy spring rains had covered the low clay ground between the Fort and boat with water, part of the way and the mud was deep. The ponies got mired. Again the young man was obliged to wade into the mud and water over his knees and carry his load to a dry place, and it was with difficulty that the team was extricated.

The channel through the St. Clair flats had not been dredged then, and was very tortuous. Head winds prevailed and it took two weeks for the schooner to reach Mackinac, but they were happy ones to Mr. Alden, filled with novel experiences; besides he was nearing the end of his long journey. His goods were soon unloaded and receipted for by Major Whistler, a fat, jolly-hearted man, who roared with laughter when he had heard his experiences, but complimented him on his pluck and perseverance.

He had to wait nearly two weeks for the first vessel from Chicago, and in the meantime, with his habitual industry, worked for fifty cents per day and his board.

He returned to Detroit May 12th, and a few days later with his dog, took passage on the steamer Michigan, for Buffalo, and from there to Rome on a canal boat, stopping long enough at Pennfield to

make a satisfactory settlement with the farmer for his wagon.

His settlement with his employer was also satisfactory, for the total expenses of the trip for five months, over and above his earnings at Detroit, were only \$75.00 including just ninety-nine cents for thirty-three pint mugs of cider.

This was the turning point of his life. He was so captivated with Michigan and her mighty forests that the next fall he returned there, locating for a short time at Pontiac, and afterwards at Coldwater, where he became a successful miller, acquiring a modest competence, and where he resided for many years, until his death in January 1893, honored and respected by all for his industry, integrity and practical common sense.

EIGHTH GENERATION

- * (75.) LYMAN PLINY ALDEN, my father, fourth son of Pliny Alden (43), who died when Lyman was three years old, was born at Floyd, N.Y., September 18, 1831. From 1834 until 1846 he lived at Camden, N.Y., then removed to Quincy, Ill., where, by his own unaided efforts, he prepared for college, and in 1849 entered Marietta College, Ohio, graduating in 1853 in the classical department, carrying off the honor of Latin Oration in his junior year, and of Greek Oration at his graduation. He commenced the study of Theology, but on account of feeble eyesight, after his graduation from Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, he bought a farm of 80 acres near Rosemond,

Ill., and there met Philena Kidder, of Geneseo, Ill., who, after completing her studies at the Normal Teachers' College, Normal, Ill., was teaching school in Rosemond and living in the home of Dr. and Mrs. M. D. Seward, close friends of Lyman Alden. They were married April 20, 1863. Philena Kidder, who later changed her name to Lena P. Kidder, was born at Stratton, Vt., August 8, 1838. She was the youngest child of Ashbel Kidder and Mary Sprague Kidder. Her grandfather was Abel Kidder.

After their marriage they moved to Quincy, Mich., where for 12 years he was engaged in manufacturing staves and headings in Quincy, Bronson, and Sturgis, Mich., and also in the general mercantile business and in banking in Quincy. Following the panic of "Black Friday", which swept the country, he was offered and accepted, in June 1875, the position of Superintendent of the Michigan State Public School for Dependent Children at Coldwater, where he remained for eight years. During his superintendency it was awarded the only medal and diploma by the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition to any children's institution. All over Europe and America this School had the reputation of being the model child's institution of the world.

In 1883, Fitch Dewey, an old friend and business associate of Mr. Alden, persuaded him to join him in the management of the Dewey Stave Co., Toledo, Ohio, of which Mr. Dewey was the president, with the expectation that Mr. Alden would become president as Mr. Dewey wished to retire. The company owned 18 large factories in Ohio and was the largest stave company in the world. Mr. Alden immediately assumed the management of

plants at Curtis and Williston. These two plants showed the largest profits of any of the 18 at the end of his first year. After a survey of the lumber prospects in Ohio he feared that timber lands would become depleted in a few years and that it would not be wise for him to invest the large sum necessary to buy a controlling interest in the company, much of which would have to be borrowed. This proved to be a mistake for each member of the company became wealthy.

While determining what course he should pursue, he was offered the position of Superintendent of the Rose Orphan Home, Terre Haute, Indiana. This was a richly endowed institution and was in the course of construction. The architects, Hannoford & Sons of Cincinnati, had consulted Mr. Alden throughout the drawing of their plans and the interior arrangement of the various buildings and their grouping, was largely his. A committee, chosen by the Board of Managers, had visited the Michigan School while Mr. Alden was Superintendent. This led to his selection. He assumed management January 1, 1884, and remained in charge until his death January 3, 1904, a period of exactly 20 years. As the Rose institution was in many respects an improvement over the Michigan School, it became generally regarded as a model, though not nearly as large as the State School.

Mr. Alden wrote many articles for publication, among them four papers for the National Conference of Charities, which attracted much attention in Europe as well as in America. Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands desired to have him

assume charge of the social welfare work of the Islands but he felt that the educational advantages there for his children would not be equal to those in the United States and, therefore, did not accept the position although it was, in many ways, a very attractive opportunity for him.

He was on the Official Board of the Congregational Church of Terre Haute and was chairman of the building committee for the new church on Ohio Street. He and A. Z. Foster raised about 90 percent of the funds for its construction. He was a member of the Vigo County Board of Children's Guardians; Vice-President of the Charity Organization Society and a director of various business organizations. Upon his sudden death of angina pectoris the papers were filled with articles and editorials about him and his work for the community.

CHILDREN

- 159. LENA EVA, born April 29, 1866; died August 30, 1952.
- 160. ERNEST GALLAHER, born June 21, 1869.
- 161. JESSIE SEWARD, born November 24, 1870; died September 24, 1951.

NINTH GENERATION

- (159.) LENA EVA ALDEN, (of Pliny line (43)), daughter of Lyman Pliny Alden (75), was born in Quincy, Mich., April 29, 1866, and died in her sleep of coronary thrombosis (blood clot) August 30, 1952, at the age of 86 years. She had been very

active until a few weeks before her death, attending lectures, etc., and enjoying trips in the car, even two days before her death. She was intensely interested in public affairs and in all things of a cultural nature. During her last several years she studied Spanish and French under Dr. Harry Wann of Indiana State Teachers College. He considered her the best pupil in her class. While in the hospital for a "check-up", shortly before her death, she read a novel in Spanish. My father, who taught Latin and Greek for two or three years after his graduation from college, said that she made the freest translations in Latin of any pupil he had ever taught. She was systematic and thorough in everything she undertook. She was a charter member of the Woman's Department Club; the Country Club of Terre Haute; Terre Haute Musical Club; etc. She was an active member of the Congregational Church and served on various committees.

Music was her chief activity throughout most of her life. She began the study of the piano in Coldwater, Mich. when about eight years of age and continued under the best instructors in Toledo and Terre Haute. Upon her graduation from High School in 1886 she went to Boston and studied piano, theory and harmony at the New England Conservatory of Music for two years. Upon her graduation she was chosen by the faculty as the Honor Student in piano and was selected to represent the Conservatory at a public recital at Sleeper Hall, Boston. She played the great Schumann Piano Concerto #3 in A minor. Immediately after this recital, Carl Paeltan, head of

the piano department, telegraphed her father saying, "Recital a great success. Eva covered herself with glory. Finest recital ever given at the Conservatory." She played in eight or ten recitals and concerts at Tremont Temple, Sleeper Hall, Music Hall, and other places in Boston. Her playing created quite an impression upon the students and faculty and was pronounced by critics as being outstanding.

After her graduation in 1888 she was engaged as professor of pianoforte, harmony and theory at De Pauw University where she taught with marked success for two years. She was then engaged as head of the music department at Coates College for Women where she taught for several years after which she opened a private studio in Terre Haute and continued to operate it until her retirement about 1938, except for a year's study, 1892-93, in Berlin under the celebrated pianist and composer Moritz Moszkowski and Oscar Raif who was considered the outstanding piano teacher in Germany at that time. He was very complimentary of her work.

After finishing her studies with these teachers she travelled extensively throughout Europe and England for over four months, returning to her private teaching in November 1893.

In addition to her studies already mentioned, she attended 10 Master Classes of the famous French concert artist, E. Robert Schmitz, who was an intimate friend of the composers Claude Debussy and Ravel. She also was in the Master Classes, two summers, of Ernest Hutcheson in Chautauqua and Josef Lhevinne in Chicago. She also studied one summer with Jeanette Durno in

Chicago and coached with Rudolph Ganz for a recital she was to give. As will be seen, she was an ardent student, always seeking knowledge. She was very successful as a teacher. Many of her pupils chose music as their profession and with success. Upon her death scores of former pupils wrote saying that she has been an example and an inspiration to them all their lives not only musically but spiritually as well.

She was a correspondent for the Musical Courier of New York for several years and was music critic for Terre Haute papers. She was accompanist for many singers, violinists, and cellists who gave concerts in Terre Haute. Among them, Edward Johnson, tenor, who later became manager of the Metropolitan Opera Co.; Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and who later sang the leading roles in operas for three years at Covent Garden, London, and in America; Elsa Reiger, Belgian cellist; Petschnikoff, violinist; etc.

She was very fond of travel. She toured extensively in Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Cuba, and all over the United States. She made a second trip abroad, spending an entire summer in the British Isles. Her letters describing her various trips were written in great detail and could almost be used as a guide to any section she visited, so thorough was she about everything she undertook. Most of her Berlin letters were published in the Terre Haute Gazette, now the Tribune. She was gentle, sympathetic, and refined and was an inspiration to me in so many ways.

(180.) ERNEST G. ALDEN, (of Pliny (43)), only son of Lyman P.

Alden (75), was born June 31, 1889, in Quincy, Mich. I have given a full account of myself in my memoirs, as regards my business activities. There is little to add. I have been fortunate in having for my close friends many wonderful people and in being able to travel rather extensively in the United States and Canada. In 1910 I took a three months Mediterranean trip going 600 miles up the Nile to the First Cataract at Assuan. There I met Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt who had just returned from his African hunting trip and to whom I was introduced by Dr. McClennahan, president of the American College at Assiut, and with whom I became acquainted at my hotel in Assuan. Dr. McClennahan was to manage Roosevelt's tour through Egypt. I spent several weeks in Egypt and visited many tombs and temples. I enjoyed a camel trip of 20 miles into the desert to the Step Pyramid. It was all very fascinating to me.

Crossing the Mediterranean we learned that Mt. Etna was in eruption so I decided to stop off at Messina, Sicily. This was 14 months after the great earthquake, called "the world's most cruel earthquake", in which from 125,000 to 150,000 people lost their lives within a few seconds. The streets of Messina were still filled with debris when I visited there. With few exceptions only portions of buildings were standing. It was an awesome sight. From Messina I went to Taormina, Sicily, which is considered by many world travelers to be one of the most beautiful situations in the world. It is located high above the Ionian Sea and has been overrun by many ancient races.

From my hotel window I could look out toward Mt. Etna and could see its white plume about 75 miles distant. I decided to take a train running along the coast to Catania which is about 20 miles from Etna. Two other men and I hired a carriage and driver to take us to the little village of Nicolosi which is 12 miles from the crater of Etna.

It was at first feared that Nicolosi would be destroyed by the lava flow, as some other villages were, but, fortunately, the direction of the flow moved $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of the village crossing a main highway at that point. The lava, although 12 miles from the crater, was advancing at the rate of 20 ft. per hour and averaged about 75 ft. high and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile wide at the extreme end. It looked like a huge cinder pile as a heavy crust had been formed over the flow. This crust was being constantly broken off in huge masses by the immense pressure from within which disclosed the red-hot lava. Natives melted copper coins by pressing them into these chunks. The people whose property was endangered could be seen moving their belongings from their houses. Processions were formed, headed by priests carrying banners. Pictures of patron saints were tacked on trees to stop the flow.

As I stood watching the flow, I asked a native who spoke English, if it would be possible to get to the top of Etna. He said that his uncle, who was a government man in charge of the Alpine Club House on the mountain, was in town for supplies and that he would ask him. He soon returned and said that by taking a circuitous route one could get to the top. The old

trail had been destroyed. I hired the young man as a guide and interpreter, a mule man and the "government man" and we set out at about 3 o'clock on mule back, well supplied with food and blankets. I was given a long black cloak with a hood, such as the natives wear. I found this to be very useful. At one point on the way up lava broke out from the main flow and came rushing our way. We got on a mass of lava from a former flow so were not in danger. I took a snapshot of it showing the flames consuming an olive tree. This was at about 8 P.M. The picture was taken by the light from the lava. On our way down the mountain the next day a small grove of trees had been destroyed.

Shortly before reaching the top the guide lost the trail. All three men got on their hands and knees groping around for it. It was a relief when it was finally found. Suddenly, after climbing over a huge mass of rock, an awe-inspiring sight was beheld. The sky was lurid, red-hot lava could be seen belching forth from two craters, which streams later joined in one big stream. Red-hot rocks were exploded, about every two seconds, several hundred feet into the air, looking much like Roman candles.

We soon reached the Alpine Club House which was built of stone and contained two good-sized rooms, in one of which there were two bunks, one above the other. Prof. Frank A. Perret, representing the Mass. Institute of Technology, and who had accurately predicted the great Messina earthquake, and who was regarded as the world's leading volcanologist; a Russian

volcanologist and one from Turin, Italy, were there and shared the bunks during the night. I slept in the same room on the floor wrapped in blankets. The guide, mule man and government man slept in the other room.

During the night we made frequent trips to watch the flow all singing the Marseillaise, not that it was particularly appropriate, but it is a stirring song and seemed to give vent to our pent-up emotions. The stream was only about 200 ft. from the club house and was originally making a bee line for the house but was turned off by masses of rock. It came to within a few hundred feet of it. Prof. Perret had piled chunks of old lava about 100 ft. apart to time the flow. He found it was advancing at the rate of 300 ft. a minute. The stream was about 75 to 100 ft. wide and apparently quite deep. The friction along the sides of the stream caused it to be higher in the center than on the sides.

When we first reached the top the wind was carrying the clouds of sulphur fumes away from us but during the night it shifted causing the fumes to come directly toward us. We all coughed and sneezed and tears ran down our cheeks. Prof. Perret told me that after similar experiences on other volcanos he had been obliged to undergo treatments for a considerable time for irritation of his nose and throat.

I found Perret to be a very friendly gentleman. I had some correspondence with him after my return home. He sent me, with his compliments, several booklets and articles he had written on Messina, Etna, etc.

In order to get a snapshot of the flow I placed my camera so close to the stream that the heat singed the hair from the backs of my hands and made my cloak smell. I protected my face with the hood.

During the night my guide and I walked to within a short distance of the crater itself. It was a most inspiring experience. The lava under our feet was still quite hot. This was the flow that had been diverted from the club house a few days earlier. Snow was still lying in protected places in the ravines. Perret said that the flow from this eruption was the greatest in 100 years but not as destructive as some others.

This was the most thrilling experience of my life and I have been tempted to write at some length about it.

CHILDREN

PRISCILLA ALDEN, born Nov. 18, 1910 in Terre Haute, Indiana. She attended the King Classical School for several years and then entered the Indiana State Laboratory High School. After her graduation she was in Indiana State Teachers College for two years and then enrolled in the Junior class at Indiana University, and was initiated a member of the Kappa Delta sorority. In her Senior year at the University she had a nervous breakdown which was probably caused by an injury to her neck and spine by a fall from a toboggan slide at Lake Wawasee the previous fall. The toboggan jumped the track throwing her to the ground. She could scarcely turn her head when she entered college in the fall but she was determined to enter against

our protests. We brought her home on the advice of the University physician. After a prolonged rest and trip to Charleston, S.C., we permitted her to take two or three studies at Indiana State. She was later able to carry a full course at State where she received her Masters Degree. I relate these facts in order to show her pluck and her determination to secure an education in spite of ill health. She had a B-plus average in her last year.

While working in the State Department in Washington in 1945, during World War II, she met and married M/Sgt. Lawrence R. George of the Air Force. They have lived in Panama, Florida, So. Carolina, Georgia, Ohio and Colorado. They are now located in Denver. They have no children.

ELIZABETH EWING ALDEN, born May 19, 1915, in Terre Haute. She attended King Classical School several years. Since her graduation from Gerstmeier Technical High School she has lived at home with her mother, Aunt Eva and me. She is very proficient in all household duties. It would be difficult for us to get along without her. She has a very sweet and sunny disposition and is very popular. She is loved by all who know her. She is at present unmarried.

BARBARA ELEANOR ALDEN, born Nov. 13, 1918 in Terre Haute. She attended King Classical School for several years. She later went to Wiley High School. After her graduation she entered the 1936-37 class at Indiana State. In the fall of 1937 she enrolled in the sophomore class at the University of Illinois

and was initiated into the Delta Gamma Sorority and lived in the sorority house. She was co-chairman of Gold Feathers, a sophomore unit of the Woman's League. In the spring of 1938 her ankle was broken in a game in the gymnasium. Due to this accident she was obliged to return home as she could not walk to her classes. In the fall of 1938 she enrolled again in Indiana State. She became a member of the Alpha Sorority and was graduated from State in 1940. After her graduation she joined the Waves and went to Washington where she was assigned duty in the Communications department and from whom she received commendation for her work.

On December 18, 1947, she married Clayton M. Taylor, son of Dr. And Mrs. Wm. A. Taylor, Portage, Wis. Clayton was graduated from Rose Polytechnic Institute in 1948 in chemical engineering and has, since graduation, been employed by Chas. Pfizer & Co., chemical engineers, in their Terre Haute plant.

CHILDREN

ALDEN MEACHER TAYLOR, born April 15, 1950, in Terre Haute. He is, at present, their only child and of whom we are very proud. He is a descendant in the 11th generation from John and Priscilla.

(161.) JESSIE SEWARD ALDEN, (of Pliny line (43)), daughter of Lyman Pliny Alden (75), was born in Quincy, Mich., November 24, 1870, and died September 24, 1951. Upon graduation from Wiley

High School, in 1889, Jessie was awarded a scholarship to Indiana University. She made an average of 99-plus percent for the four years which was the highest record ever made at Wiley up to that time. Instead of going to I.U. she entered Coates College for Women and was graduated from there with another outstanding record. After graduation she went to Laramie, Wyo., for her health. She there met the Rev. John E. Sulger who was archbishop of Wyoming and Idaho. They were married, after her return to Terre Haute, by Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Pennsylvania. They had two children, Miriam Louise and Alden Harwood. Miriam is now Mrs. James H. Black, Jr. of Terre Haute. She has two children, Eleanor and Miriam, both of Terre Haute. Alden married Harriet Remington, daughter of Judge Remington of Rochester, N.Y., where they now reside. They have two children, Sally and Alden Harwood, Jr. Alden was for many years manager of Bourjois, Inc., manufacturers of perfumes and cosmetics, at their Rochester plant.

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HASTINGS, MN



APPENDIX

You, my children, have asked me to mention the different organizations with which I have been associated either as a member, as a Director or as President. Those I recall are as follows:

President Vigo County Brick Mfgs. Assn. 1894
and for several years following

President Terre Haute Music Club 1896, '97 and '98

President Vigo County Humane Society 1905, '06 and
'07, and a charter member

President Terre Haute Social Welfare Club 2 years

President Vigo County Cow Testing Assn. 1926, '27
and '28

Elected President Welfare Council of Terre Haute
1928

President Michigan Dairies Co., (Farm at Mt.
Pleasant, Mich.) about 1930

President Indiana State Children's Homes Assn.,
1941, '42 and '43

President Vigo County Welfare Board 1949, '50 and
'51 and Vice President for 3 years previous

A director of Model Milk and Ice Cream Co. for
over 30 years, and Vice President and
Treasurer for two or three years

A director for several years of the Indiana State
Holstein-Friesian Assn.

A member for 2 years of the Indiana Assn. of County
Welfare Board Presidents and Directors

Original member of Kiwanis Club of Terre Haute

Member of Elks Club of Terre Haute for 22 years

Sustaining, or Active member, of Swope Gallery for
four years

Honorary member Wabash Valley Boy Scouts of America

MEMOIRS OF ERNEST G. ALDEN

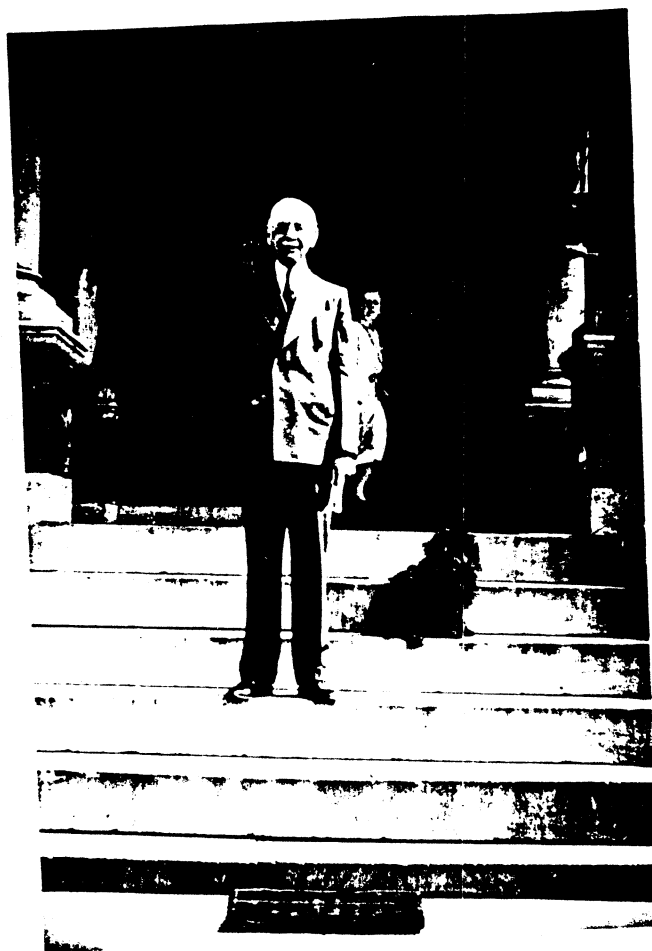
I was born June 21, 1869 in Quincy, Branch County, Michigan. My parents were the late Lyman Pliny and Philena (Lena) Kidder Alden. Father was a lineal descendant in the 8th generation of John and Priscilla Mullins Alden.

The house in which I was born was a two story frame residence located on the northwest corner of the street running parallel to the Lake Shore R.R. (now the Big 4) and the street running north and south past the Bennett City Library. Our house faced the east and the park belonging to the railway company. Father owned the entire block in which our house was located. It was at that time the only house in the block. The house was still standing and in an excellent state of repair when I last visited it. The reason for selecting this location was because father and his brother-in-law, Willard Kidder, owned a stave and heading factory about three blocks to the west and Father wished to be close to it.

Father, Kidder, and a cousin, Jesse Sutton, also owned the "Alden, Sutton & Co." general store and did the banking business of the town. They occupied two or three store rooms on the north side of Chicago Street in the center of the main business block of Quincy, and the firm also owned stave and heading factories in Coldwater and Jonesville, Michigan. They also packed ten thousand barrels of apples a year.

They did a very prosperous business for a number of years,

Main Building



Ernest G. Alder Chauncey Rose Home
Supertendent 1904 to 1947
He kept it together, Great Man

but the panic "Black Friday", which occurred suddenly in 1873, (and which swept the country,) caught the firm with the largest stocks of lumber and merchandise they had ever carried. Values depreciated, as is the case in all panics, and although their losses were heavy, they met all obligations in full.

At about this time, 1875, Father was offered the superintendency of the Michigan State Public School for dependent children located at Coldwater, Michigan, which position he accepted and held for eight years. This was a very large institution caring for 325 children. Under his management, it was awarded a bronze medal at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia in 1876, being judged the model children's institution of the world.

In 1883, Fitch Dewey, the President of the Dewey Stave Co., Toledo, Ohio, who was an old business friend of Father, asked him to come to Toledo to become a member of the firm with the expectation of his becoming president as Mr. Dewey wished to retire. The company was the largest stave company in the world, owning 18 factories in Ohio. Father resigned his position at Coldwater and spent a year with the Dewey Co. While with them he managed two of their factories.

Although Father liked this business, he feared, after he had made a survey of the lumber conditions in Ohio, that the timber would not last many years and he hesitated to invest the large sum of money necessary to purchase Mr. Dewey's stock, as much of it would have had to be borrowed, so he decided to accept the

superintendency of the Rose Orphan Home, Terre Haute, Indiana, which position was offered him by the Rose Board.

From a financial standpoint this was a great mistake as every member of the Dewey Company became wealthy.

We moved to Terre Haute, January 1, 1884, although the Rose buildings were not yet completed, as the Board wanted Father to supervise their construction. During this period we lived at 456 North Center St. with my uncle, Willard Kidder, who had moved to Terre Haute a few years previously and had built a large flour mill at the east end of the Wabash River bridge.

Father remained as superintendent of Rose until his sudden death, January 2, 1904, of angina pectoris, at the age of 72 years. This was a period of exactly 20 years. The Rose institution was generally recognized as the model of the world when built. Father was well qualified for this line of work not only from his previous experience as superintendent of the Michigan State Public School but also from his intense interest in all religious and charitable work. After his graduation from Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, in 1853, he attended and graduated from Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, with the intention of entering the ministry, but a throat condition led him to the conclusion that he was not fitted for the ministry. However, he never lost interest in religious undertakings. After his graduation, he taught at Lagrange Collegiate Institute, Lagrange, Indiana, and later became Principal of Duquoin Female Seminary, Duquoin, Illinois. During his residence in Quincy he was instrumental in building the Presbyterian church there and in Terre Haute he and A. Z. Zoster raised about 90% of the

money for the building of the First Congregational Church located on Ohio Street.

When Father died, the newspapers were filled with glowing tributes in their editorial and news columns. He was a man of dignified and imposing presence and was fair, honorable, and just in all his dealings and he had the profound respect of all who knew him. He was a born student, a prodigious reader, cultured, and refined, and deeply religious. He was born in Floyd, New York, September 18, 1831.

My Mother was the daughter of Ashbel and Mary Sprague Kidder. She was born in Stratton, Vermont, August 8, 1838 and died April 29, 1929 at the age of nearly 91 after a short illness. She remained in the full possession of her faculties until the very end and continued to be interested in world affairs and in good literature.

Mother was a very wonderful and beautiful person. She was a thorough aristocrat in her temperament but always a lady to her finger tips. She was kind, gentle, patient, and considerate toward all with whom she came in contact. I can't recall ever having seen her in a burst of temper nor did I ever hear her use a rough or uncouth word. She was capable, thorough, painstaking, and systematic in performing her various household duties. She was a silent but efficient helpmate to Father throughout his life. She attended Normal Teachers' College, Normal, Illinois and taught school before her marriage. According to the Kidder genealogy, traced by my cousins Dr. Arthur Kidder and sister, Idelle Kidder, she was descended from King Edward III through his son the Duke of Gloucester. The record is complete and authentic to Vincent Kidder,

who married Ellen Loftus, Maresfield, England. My maternal grandmother (Mary Sprague Kidder) claimed that she was directly descended from Pocahontas. We have no authentic proof of this, however, but as Grandmother Kidder was born in 1806, and her grandmother about 1730, it would not have been very difficult for her to trace her line of descent through but two or three more generations to Pocahontas who was born in 1595 and lived until 1617. She was but 4 years older than John Alden who was born in 1599. I am naturally, and I think justly, proud of my honorable and distinguished parents and their forebears.

Up to the time I completed my high school education in Terre Haute, in 1889, my movements naturally coincided with those of Father. It had been Father's ambition for me to become a doctor and he had planned to send me to the University of Michigan for a medical course but owing to serious eye trouble which I had experienced all through high school, it was decided that I could not withstand the necessary strain that would be put upon them in college. This was a great disappointment to me and has been the source of deep regret to me all my life.

All through high school it had been necessary for my dear mother to read to me all subjects requiring much eyestrain and I was obliged to go to my classes with this kind of preparation. Due to the fact that Latin required considerable reference to the dictionary, I was obliged to omit this subject in my junior year. Had I not done so, I would have received a scholarship to Wabash College as my grades for the four years were higher than those of Fred Beal who received it. You children may be interested in

knowing that my average grades for the four years were 95.3%. My average for the senior year was 99.1% (100% in American Literature, 100% in Trigonometry, 99.5% in Logic and 98.5% in English Literature). I have found these grades in an old diary which I kept in my younger years.

After finishing high school, I left within a few weeks for Denver, Colorado, where I was given a position with A. S. Pettit & Co. investment bankers. I kept the books, collected rents from numerous properties controlled by the company and occasionally appraised ranch lands and other properties for people desiring loans or for those wishing to buy or sell. I was also made secretary and treasurer of the Colorado Abstract Co., of which Mr. Pettit was president.

During my two-and-a-half years' residence in Denver, June 1889 to December 1891, I lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pettit, first in North Denver and later at 1330 Hallett St., now Downing St., on Capitol Hill. Mr. Pettit was a graduate of the University of Michigan and one of their star football players. His first job was Asst. Supt. of the Michigan State Public School while Father was superintendent. It was through this contact that I secured my position with him. Mrs. Pettit, nee Sallie Young of Baker, La., was a charming young woman who was wonderful to me.

I made many contacts with prominent people in Denver. Among them were Dr. Jno. Chase, who became Major General of the National Guards of Colorado, and Earl B. Coe who became Governor of Colorado. They were close friends of Mr. Pettit. Dr. Chase was an old college friend and Earl Coe was our attorney.

I was very happy in Denver. The climate was exhilarating and agreed with me. I was young and enthusiastic about the rapid growth of the city. During my residence there the city's first electric lines were built, gradually replacing the former cable lines. Many fine office buildings and hotels were erected and the city was enjoying a phenomenal boom. Mr. Pettit was creating a good-sized fortune estimated at \$250,000.00.

All this prosperity came to a sudden end almost overnight. All but two or three of the city's banks failed. Mr. Pettit had borrowed considerable sums of money with which to buy numerous properties. It was impossible to have notes renewed. Mortgages were foreclosed, and although his equities were considerable, practically everything was lost. Many great fortunes vanished. This calamity had, I am sure, a great bearing on my future. Had it not occurred, I believe that my financial prospects would have been bright for, as I have said, I was making many warm and close friends with prominent people in Denver.

Fortunately for me, during this critical period, my uncle, Willard Kidder, wired me offering me a position as traveling salesman for the Wabash Flour Mills in Terre Haute, which position I accepted. I remained with my uncle for about a year. One day I received a telephone call from Mr. Benj. G. Cox, who was quarter-owner and manager of Hulman & Co., asking me to come to see him. He told me that he had been observing me for some time and that he thought I was the type of young man whom he would like to have join his forces. He said he had a job open for me as credit man and head bookkeeper. I was only 23 and I felt very young for such

a responsible job. I told him I had no knowledge of bookkeeping except what I had learned in high school but he said that he could easily teach me as I would only be required to keep a small set of books which would contain only the totals taken from the books of the other bookkeepers and cashiers and which would show the profits or losses of the business and comparative statements with previous months and years. These books and statements were for the members of the firm, H. Hulman, Anton Hulman (father of "Tony") and Mr. Cox, and were naturally strictly private. This part of my work required only about two hours a day but the credit work was a big and very taxing job on which I worked nearly every night till about 10:30 in order to familiarize myself with the credit standing of our several thousand customers. I not only studied the ledger and card system accounts but also hundreds of special reports from Dun & Bradstreet. Each morning, and throughout the day, my desk was loaded with orders which could not be filled without my okay so it was necessary for me to know the standing of each customer without delay so that orders could be filled promptly. The feeling of intense responsibility which I had for my work, combined with the night work, brought on a serious case of insomnia from which I have never fully recovered.

After a year with the company, I felt obliged to give up the job as I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Mr. Cox was like a father to me and was very kind and complimentary of my work. He frequently came to the office at night and read me letters from his father in which he gave him sound advice. He urged me not to work at night but it was the only time I could

study the customers' ledger accounts as they were in use during the day. When I left, the firm gave me a beautiful letter which I greatly prized. Mr. Cox said "we have had many bookkeepers but only one real credit man." He said they had had the fewest losses during my service that they had ever had in the history of their business. This naturally made me very happy.

Upon learning of my resignation, my cousin, Idelle Kidder, who was attending Michigan University, wrote me that she and W. Ray Clayton, also a student at the University, were interested in leasing a 22-room double residence at 5815 and 5817 Madison Ave., Chicago, during the Columbian World's Fair from May to November 1, 1893 and that they would like to have me join them in the venture. I went to Ann Arbor where we had a conference with a Professor Mack of the University who owned the property. We signed a lease with him for \$1,700.00 cash in advance for the above period. We immediately went to Chicago and bought over \$800.00 worth of furniture and were able to receive guests on May 28. During this period we cared for 931 people who came to us from all over the country, even from Tokyo, Japan. Many of our friends from our very best families in Terre Haute were our guests. We also had a number of prominent people from Indianapolis, such as the Jno. G. Williams and Jno. B. Elam families. Benj. G. Cox, my former employer, sent his entire family for a several days stay. During the months of June, July, and August we had more guests than a large hotel next door to us. We turned many people away every day. Our location was convenient as we were only

½ block from the famous Midway at the Fair. Several good hotels were close-by for meals. We each cleared about \$1,000.00 during the season. I was fortunate in selling our furniture for a very good price to some men who were equipping a summer hotel.

During the entire summer I was under the care of a Dr. Brooks for bladder trouble brought on by my overwork at Hulman & Co. I continued his medicine for nearly two years.

I was able to come home just a day or two before my sister Jessie's marriage to the Rev. John E. Sulger. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot performed the ceremony. The wedding took place in the large reception room at the Home and was a very beautiful affair. The Terre Haute papers described it as one of the most impressive weddings ever held in Terre Haute. Jessie was a very beautiful bride and John was a strikingly handsome groom. They were very happily married. John died in April 1929 from a heart attack and Jessie, September 22, 1951, after an illness of about 13 years due to a series of slight strokes.

Upon my return to Terre Haute, after the close of the Fair, I naturally began to consider plans for the future. Father, Uncle Willard Kidder, and Cyrus Knapp owned a brick plant on North First Street opposite the Woodlawn Cemetery. The business had not been especially prosperous. Father felt that this was largely due to poor management on the part of Knapp who was the plant manager. He advised me to try to buy Knapp's one-fourth interest. After several weeks of negotiations I was able to close a deal with him on Feb. 16, 1894 and I assumed the management on that date. I was at that time 24 years old. I gave a

long-term note to Uncle Willard for \$5,585.33 at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ interest as part of the purchase price. I do not recall how much I paid Knapp in cash. In giving the above note I assumed a debt Knapp owed Uncle Willard for loans made to him. This note, together with over \$4,000.00 in interest which I paid at the rate of \$390.95 per annum was not only paid but was met in full three years before it was due.

Soon after assuming management of the company, I found that a bitter feeling existed between the six or seven other brick manufacturers and that price cutting and underhanded deals prevailed. I realized that if the business was to be successful, harmony and fair dealing must be brought about. I, therefore, talked with each of the manufacturers and got them to consent to a meeting. At this meeting there was much ill will and name calling among them. Suspicion was rampant but I finally succeeded in quieting them, after which we agreed upon a price and wage schedule which was acceptable to all. I was elected President of the Association and served in that capacity for several years. This improved relationship had much to do with making business more profitable for everyone. Our company operated under the firm name of the "Terre Haute Pressed Brick Co." We, at the time of my assuming management, manufactured what was known as "Common brick". Our plant was the only one in this territory making brick by machinery. At the time of purchase, and for two years thereafter, we could only operate during the period from about May 1st to Nov. 1st. Our sales each year were greater than our output so it became necessary to

buy brick from our competitors in order to fill our contracts.

In order to operate during the winter months, we installed a Simpson Dry Press brick machine and we built two Eudaley down draft kilns. These brick were of a very fine quality and were used as face brick in many of Terre Haute's buildings such as the Big Four Depot, the White Building on the N.W. Corner of 5th and Wabash, St. Benedicts parsonage, the Hunter Laundry, Etc. We also filled a contract as far away as Milwaukee.

The dry press machine, together with our common brick machine, gave us a capacity of 40,000 brick a day. We employed over 40 men and many teams for hauling clay and brick.

In 1900 we decided to purchase a dry kiln from the Standard Dry Kiln Co. in order to also make common brick in the winter months. We first made a carload shipment of clay, used in making our common brick, to one of the Brazil Vitrified Brick Co. plants that used the Standard Kiln and also the same brick machine as ours.

I went to Brazil and saw that their machine was entirely cleaned out of their shale before our clay was dumped into it. I also had a white moulding sand used instead of their red sand and I also marked each truck load of brick made from our clay in order to identify the brick after they were dried. In about two or three days the Brazil Company notified me that our trucks of brick had been taken from the kiln. I went over and found the brick to be very strong and with a clear ring even before being burned.

Upon feeling assured that the kiln would dry our clay satisfactorily, we closed a contract with the Standard Co. but upon

opening our kiln after the brick had been dried, we found that they were badly cracked. The Standard Company sent an expert to determine the trouble. Every means was used to overcome the difficulty. We even added two additional tracks to the kiln and consulted the best known authority on ceramics who was a professor at Ohio State University, and other experts, but without success. The only remedy against cracking was the use of an excessive amount of sand mixed in with our clay. This, however, made an unsatisfactory product so rather than go back to open air drying and a strictly summer business, we decided to sell the dry kiln to a large Danville, Illinois brick company for \$5,000.00 and the rest of the plant, and the entire business, to Pettyjohn Bros. This sale was completed May 30, 1901.

Why our clay dried satisfactorily at Brazil and not in our own kiln, of the same make, is something no one has ever been able to explain. I can't help but think that the fumes from the shale brick in the Brazil kiln must have permeated our brick giving them the strength that I found them to have. No other solution seems plausible to me. This unfortunate experience naturally affected my entire future as it gave me quite a financial setback. I felt that seven years of my life had been practically wasted, although I had gained much in experience. I had to again start from scratch but, as I was only thirty-one, I still had courage to go ahead.

After we had closed down our business in the fall of 1900, my cousin, Clint Kidder, who was manager of the Terre Haute Traction and Light Co., asked me to join his staff and to take

charge of reorganizing their storeroom methods which were in a confused state.

After a careful study of the situation, I succeeded in establishing a system which enabled us to show an inventory value of our stock which harmonized with our book value at the main office. This new system was adopted by several Stone & Webster plants in other cities after their traveling auditor had approved it. The head storekeeper of the Pennsylvania Ry. in Terre Haute studied our system and reported that although they were said to have one of the best systems known, he regarded our system to be superior.

After completing this first task, I was then made Contract and Purchasing Agent and put in charge of advertising, of hiring the office force, etc. After a few months I was made Assistant Manager to the Company.

After Clint was transferred by Stone & Webster to Savannah, where he was made manager, he was succeeded here by J. Peyton Clark. Under his jurisdiction the Company built interurban lines to Brazil, Clinton, Paris, and Sullivan. I bought much of the material used in the Clinton Line and also several sections of the right of way and drove over the route many times with the General Contractor, J. M. McCampbell, to see that material was being properly delivered. This was fascinating work to me and I was very happy in it.

During Clark's administration the Directors made me Treasurer of a reorganization of the Company while still holding my former positions.

Clark had considerable labor difficulty with the firemen at the main plant and also with the motormen and conductor's union. On a few hours notice I was assigned the job of securing men to replace the firemen who had gone on strike. I succeeded, with the assistance of some of our office help, in hiring a rather motley force by quitting time the same day and I marched them into the powerhouse just as the strikers were marching out. I have never seen a more surprised bunch of men. This was not a pleasant task but it fell in the line of duty, so I accepted it. At about eight o'clock that night, Fred Ray, the chief engineer at the Power House, phoned me at the office that the firemen were frightened and were going to quit as they had received word that the plant was to be attacked, and that he couldn't keep them. I asked him to hold them until I could get there. I held a meeting with them in the engine room. I begged them to stay on the job as the entire city would be in darkness if they quit. They finally agreed that if I would stay with them they would remain at work. I, of course, consented and I remained with them the entire night behind the boilers. These men remained permanently with us and the strike was broken.

I also became involved in the unpleasant street railway strike. It was my job to see that the strikebreakers, who had been brought here from St. Louis and who were housed at night at the car barns on East Wabash, were properly fed and bedded in our surplus street cars. Each night during the strike I drove to the barns in a cab with food and saw that all was well. This was a rather dangerous job as feeling was running high. One night as I

was coming down the cemetery hill showing a new strikebreaker his route, we were stoned but fortunately no one was hit. At 24th and Wabash a brickbat crashed through the vestibule window, just missing the motorman's head. It landed at my feet. The car was stopped. We got out and searched the vicinity but could find no one. As we got back to the car we saw a string hanging down from the trolley with a stone on one end. It had been thrown over the trolley and the brickbat was hung at just the right height to hit the motorman in the head.

At 3rd and Wabash we ran into a large mob that was trying to push one of our cars toward the river. The strikebreaker on my car stood on the step of our car with his gun in his hand and dared the mob to attack him. They did not and the car proceeded on its way. I had several rather exciting experiences during this strike. Bombs were laid on the tracks in a number of places on different lines, but no one was killed. I was young at the time and got quite a thrill out of it.

During early negotiations with the strikers, it was deemed best to get the strikebreakers out of town. I was assigned the task of paying them off after they were on the train to St. Louis. As I was buying their tickets at the Union Station a commotion arose among them in the rotunda. There was a lot of gesticulating and yelling and some revolvers were drawn. I faced the crowd and tried to quiet them. They finally consented to appoint a committee to meet with me under the train sheds.

It seemed that many in the mob were suspicious about not being paid off on the train and wanted their money then and there and

some didn't want to go back to St. Louis. I was finally able to convince the committee that they would all get a fair deal and they consented to board the train. It was a motley and tough gang of men, some of them half-breeds.

Among my regular duties, besides those already mentioned, was the management of a large Casino at the Fair Grounds on East Wabash and 30th Street. This building was owned by the Company. Plays, concerts, lectures, etc. were given there during the summer in order to induce traffic. I engaged stock companies and occasionally had performances by local talent.

We also contributed funds to Breining & Co. who operated "Lake View Park" which was an amusement park opposite the car barns. It was my job to see that the shows were of proper character and that our investment was justified.

I also was in charge of repairs on all of our buildings both here and in Brazil where we had an auxiliary power plant. I placed all insurance and looked after the taxes on all properties. When Stone & Webster decided to build a new power plant I was asked to investigate various locations. I recommended a site on the Wabash River a short distance north of Wabash Ave. and immediately west of the Water Street railway tracks. I scoured the high and low stages of the river during a long period of years and got land values. This site was approved by an engineer sent here from Boston and was purchased by Stone & Webster and the powerhouse was built there.

At the time we were contemplating building an interurban line to Paris, Ill. a group of speculators tried to secure the right

of way. We learned of this and blocked their scheme by laying rails, after six P.M., along the pike from the Wabash bridge to W. Terre Haute. Ties were laid about eight feet apart. This work was accomplished by morning and it took the speculators completely by surprise. My job was to see that all ties, rails, etc. were delivered at Water St. and Wabash, secretly, in time for work to begin at six o'clock. I drove up and down the grade all night long to see that there was no shortage of material and to see that the workmen were provided with lunches. As can be seen, my work with the Company was of a varied nature and was very interesting.

On the morning of Jan. 2, 1904, Father came to our office. He had just come in from the new First Congregational Church where he had inspected repairs being made on the ceiling. It was an extremely cold day. He had some difficulty in breathing and dropped in to get warm. After talking with me a few moments he said I had better go back to my desk as he knew I was busy. I had just returned to my desk when I heard him give a slight groan. I rushed to him and found him slumped on the settee. Dr. Layman was summoned. He pronounced death due to angina pectoris. It was a great shock not only to Mother and us children but to the entire community.

A few days after the funeral, Geo. E. Farrington, who was Secretary of the Rose Home Board, came to see me and offered me the position as superintendent of the Home. I had never thought of following in Father's footsteps in social welfare work and I asked for time to think things over, and besides this, our manager, Gardner F. Wells, was in Boston in conference with Stone & Webster.

I wrote to Mr. Wells about the Rose offer. He replied at once

saying that "if I should leave the company he would feel that the props were being taken right out from under him." He said that he had been talking with Stone & Webster about me and that they knew about the work I had been doing for the Company. He said that Stone & Webster were going to give me the superintendency of one of their plants in Texas. These were located in Dallas, Houston, Galveston, Ft. Worth and El Paso. Just which one I was to be sent to had not been decided upon at the time.

It was a very difficult matter for me to decide. I loved the street railway and power business and I was brought in contact with many interesting problems and people and my prospects appeared promising. It took me two weeks to decide which offer to accept. Due to my having to live so far from home, and to Mother's sorrow over Father's death, and to the uncertainty of her situation, I decided to accept the Rose offer and I entered into this new line of work as soon as I could be released from my job with Stone & Webster. This was in January 1904. I remained as Superintendent for over 43½ years, resigning September 1, 1947 on account of my health at the age of 78 years.

Upon assuming my duties at the Home, I was surprised to find how familiar I was with the work. I had heard institutional problems discussed by Father and Mother many times so I had little trouble in meeting difficulties as they arose.

Not long after assuming charge I recommended several improvements to the Board which I thought should be made. Among them were inside toilets instead of outside toilets for the cottages, tile flooring in the children's dining room, serving room, and

main halls in the administration building, and also tile floors in all bath rooms and wash rooms and on the front porch.

Hardwood floors were laid in all the dormitories and composition floors in all the children's sitting rooms and play rooms and in the employees' dining room and serving rooms.

New stone porches were built on all cottages. We bought new gold finish metal beds and heavy oak chairs and tables for each cottage and also chairs and tables for the children's dining room to replace long institutional tables and stools. Until this time gas was used for illumination. This was replaced by electricity throughout the institution.

Two new 80 h.p. boilers were purchased and a large addition to the main barn was built, as well as a new tile cattle barn, silo and stock sheds.

By degrees registered Holstein cattle ~~were~~ purchased, entirely from sales of surplus stock, to replace a small mixed grade herd. This new herd of Holsteins became little by little, one of the outstanding herds in Indiana, and, in fact, throughout the United States. We were written up in several of the dairy magazines, viz, the Holstein-Friesian Register of Vermont, the Holstein-Friesian World, Lacona, N. Y., and the Prairie Farmer. Articles also appeared in the farmers' section of the Indianapolis News. In order to better understand the care of the herd I took several short courses in feeding and breeding at Purdue University and I visited many of the leading herds in Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Prof. Wilbur of the Dairy Department at Purdue University

wrote me that we held five state records for milk and fat production, all at the same time, in different age groups. Our herd was classified for type by an official judge selected by the Holstein-Friesian Assn. of America and, according to the Holstein-Friesian World, we ranked 23rd in the U. S. and Canada. The three herds just above us were classified only from 1/10th to 3/10ths of a percent higher.

We won many ribbons at the Indiana State Fair in competition with the leading herds of the country. One of our cows was placed just below a cow that became the All-American cow for two consecutive years. One of our young bulls was made Reserve All-American bull after we had sold him to Randolph and Sons, well-known exhibitors of Canton, Illinois.

As a result of the records our herd had made for both show-type and production, I was twice asked to judge dairy cattle of all breeds at the Vigo County and Clark County, Ill. fairs and also twice at the Honey Creek Township fair.

I helped organize the Vigo County Cow Testing Association and was elected President for three consecutive years. I was also elected a Director of the Indiana State Holstein Assn. in which position I served for a number of years.

In September 1884, when the Rose Home first began to function, and for several years after I became superintendent, all of the children attended our own school from the kindergarten on through the eighth grade and then on to the High Schools in the City but in 1925 it was decided to abandon our school and to send all children

to the public schools. This was a desirable move since it brought our children in daily contact with other children and enabled them to live a more normal life. They took an active part in all school activities and they became worthy opponents in athletic events, etc. Our scout troop was voted the outstanding troop in the Wabash Valley and our ball team won the City Championship for 4 years. One of our boys was elected president of his class in Wiley High School and after graduating with honors we placed him with a family that had become much interested in him and that had taken him on numerous trips with them. Through our mutual influence, we were able to get him into West Point where he again made a fine scholastic record. He is now a Captain in the regular army. A number of our girls and boys are graduates of Indiana State and other colleges.

We kept a very complete case history of all children, not only while in the institution but after leaving our custody, in so far as it was possible. Our records showed that only 3.2% ever entered correctional institutions thus indicating that approximately 97% have become law-abiding citizens. Many have become lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers, successful business men, etc. One of our boys, Ralph Tucker, is now serving his second term as Mayor of Terre Haute and is a most loyal friend. Another boy, Owen Budd, ran for Mayor of Galesburg, Ill. this year. He is a close friend of Carl Sandburg, the famous author. He called on me two weeks ago. Another boy, Walter May, is editor of the Portland Oregonian, Oregon's leading paper. He wrote me that he had been asked to deliver the commencement address at one of the California universities and that he felt

toward Rose Home as one does toward his Alma Mater in college.

One of our girls, Cora Davis Dildine, has become a successful writer of short stories and just before I resigned as superintendent, she visited the Home and read to the children several chapters of a novel she was at that time writing. These chapters dealt with her life at the Home and the happy times she had there. The book was to be called, Through the Years with Polly. She was the Polly. She later wrote and invited Katharine, Eva, and me to visit her and her husband for a week or two in her home in Kellogg, Minn. Another novel, So Deep My Love, by Vivien Grey, deals in its early chapters with her happy life at Rose and refers to Katharine and me.

Another girl, Eleanor Franklin Egan, made an outstanding record as an author and journalist. She wrote articles on Japan, India, Russia, etc. in Leslies Weekly and the Saturday Evening Post for many years. She traveled around the world with Ex-President Taft and wife on Admiral Hemphill's battleship while Taft was Secretary of War. While visiting with them in the Philippines, while Taft was Governor General, she wrote the story of his life entitled Recollections of Full Years. We have an autographed copy of the book. She also wrote a book called War in the Cradle of the World. She was the only woman war correspondent in the Near East during World War I. She was appointed by President Harding as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Disarmaments Commission at the close of World War I as an authority on the Far Eastern problems. While writing articles for the Post in India, she was the guest of the

Viceroy. During her travels in a remote section of India, she "picked up" a tropical germ which eventually led to her death in New York. The most glowing tributes were paid her upon her death by the Post, Ex-Presidents Taft and Hoover, General Pershing, Admirals, Generals, actors, writers, etc. She was deeply attached to our family and visited us on several occasions and wrote us from all over the world. Mother and Eva visited her at her beautiful home in Westchester County, N. Y. Her husband, Martin Egan, at one time was owner and editor of the Manila Times. They lived in Manila several years. Egan later became a member of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York. She and her husband were on intimate terms with Ex-President Herbert Hoover and General Pershing. They made her home their headquarters when in New York. Hers was truly a fabulous career.

During my superintendency of 43½ years, I was asked to speak at State Conventions many times regarding institutional problems as well as at a National convention in Boston.

Katharine and I made a study of dietaries for children's institutions and worked out a dietary covering a period of three weeks without repeating a single meal. This was sent for criticism and suggestions to the Departments of Nutrition and Agriculture in Washington; to Dr. Ira S. Wiles of New York who was an authority on dietetics; to Mrs. Abel of Baltimore, another authority; to the Indiana State Board of Health and to others. All approved of it. We received a number of suggestions which we incorporated. It was used as a model dietary by the Indiana

State Board of Charities for the various children's institutions in the State. It was also used as a model by the Chicago Board of Visitors for the children's institutions of Cook County. Miss Esther Eaton of Ohio State University used our dietary and one gotten out by the University of California as models for a dietary she was making for the children's institutions of Ohio. We received requests for it from a number of institutions outside of Indiana.

The health of our children was, of course, of prime importance. As soon as a new child was received by us he was immediately weighed, measured, and photographed and sent to our physicians for a thorough check-up. A complete record was made of their findings. Steps were taken promptly to correct any troubles discovered. For many years our children averaged 5% above normal in weight. We had only four deaths during my 43½ years. Our physicians regarded our health record as outstanding.

A number of years ago the Russell Sage Foundation of New York made an exhaustive study of several hundred children's institutions throughout the United States. Dr. A. T. Burnell, one of their investigators, spent a week with us. We had no previous knowledge of his coming. He spent his time wandering around the institution talking with children and employes and visiting children whom we had placed in family homes. When he left for New York he said he was not permitted to express his opinion of our Home but he said they will know in New York what I think of your work by the replies I make to their questionnaire. When Katharine and I returned home from a vacation in North

Carolina, Dr. Burnell was again making a study of our institution. He had been sent back by the Foundation to measure every room in the institution and to ascertain the total floor space per capita used exclusively by the children for play rooms, living rooms, dormitories, dining rooms, etc., and also the floor space used for employes and other purposes. The Foundation published two books which give the results of their investigations. We were chosen as one of the ten best cottage institutions in the United States and considerable space was given to Rose. According to the Foundation's report we ranked first for square feet of floor space devoted strictly for children's use and also first for officer's use.

When Dr. Burnell bade me good-bye after his second visit, he said, "I have now personally visited 200 children's institutions and I am leaving here with the happiest recollections of any institution I have visited. Your children are healthy, happy and normal. You have no skeletons in your closet." This commendation, coming from such an authority, was indeed most gratifying to me.

Notwithstanding, Dr. Burnell's statement and the favorable report of the Sage Foundation, there were many things I would like to have accomplished had our finances permitted. Until World War I, we were operating well within our income, in fact, we had accumulated a surplus of about \$72,000.00 to our original endowment fund of \$300,000.00 but increasing costs of living, and lower interest rates on loans we made, gradually reduced our fund to the original amount. As our income was no longer sufficient to properly maintain the institution, and as we should not touch

the original endowment, there were only two things to be done, either to close the Home until our fund was sufficiently increased or to receive aid from Vigo County. As all of our children were legal and needy residents of the County and would become public charges should we close, I decided to lay our problem before Judge Jno. P. Jeffries of the Circuit Court, without consulting our Board. As we, at that time, had 112 children and as the Glenn Home was filled to capacity, it would have become necessary to double the size of Glenn at a cost to the County of about \$250,000.00 at that time, not including interest on bonds that would have had to be issued nor the additional cost of supporting our children at Glenn. I suggested to the Judge that he make our children wards of the County and leave them at Rose which would be far cheaper than to erect new buildings at Glenn and to support them there. He readily saw the situation and said that if the County Council would appropriate the necessary funds which we needed, namely \$12,000.00 a year, the amount of our annual deficit, he would agree to my suggestion.

Before proceeding further, I brought the matter to the attention and consideration of our Board. They approved of the plan. I then consulted each member of the County Council privately. They held a meeting at the Home and went into the situation thoroughly. Later a public meeting was held at the Court House where the Council decided unanimously to appropriate the \$12,000.00 a year if the Judge made our children wards. This was done, and as long as I remained superintendent the appropriation was made annually. Just two months before I resigned, I

asked the Judge, who at that time was Dewitt Owen, if he would increase his request in his budget to \$14,000.00 a year as our deficit in 1946 was about \$1,800.00. This he agreed to do after seeing our financial report which he said was the most comprehensive of any he had ever had presented to him.

In addition to the annual appropriation from the county, we began, on my recommendation, to accept "contributions" from relatives of our children who were able and anxious to do what they could for them, and in turn we held them for them until they were able to take them. We also accepted children from other counties when we had room. We received the legal rate for their care. This income from relatives, and from other counties, amounted to about \$13,500.00 a year, during my last year, so our income from the County and relatives, exclusive of the income from our endowment fund, was about \$25,500.00 in 1947 and should have been about \$27,500.00 in 1948. Had it not been for this additional income the institution would have been closed many years ago.

Although my work at Rose was very interesting, I believe that had I remained in the business world, I probably would be much better off financially than I am today as my prospects looked favorable. There are compensations, however, in the thought that we may possibly have had some beneficial influence on the lives of the many hundreds of needy and neglected children who came under my supervision during my over 43 years as superintendent. The volume of letters and the visits we received from former wards, expressing their affection for the Home and appreciation for what

was done for them, have made me very happy. Nearly six years after my retirement I still receive numerous letters and visits from these wards, most of whom are now married and are rearing families of their own.

About three years before I resigned, Judge Dewitt Owen appointed me a member of the Vigo County Department of Public Welfare. I remained a member until June 1, 1951 when I resigned on account of my health. I served as Vice President for three years and President during my last three years. This work was very interesting to me. We cared for an annual average of about 3000 old people and 1800 children, about 1700 of whom lived in their own homes or in boarding homes and about 100 were cared for at the Glenn Home. Our total expenses were about \$3,000,000.00 a year.

Judge Owen asked me to pay special attention to the affairs at Glenn where conditions were in a deplorable state both as regards supervision and housing. The buildings were dilapidated. Plaster was off the walls, flooring was bad, bath rooms were unsanitary, etc., and there was practically no furniture. I have visited many institutions in various parts of the country but I have never seen such run down conditions. It was sickening. The Judge asked me to do all I could to create favorable public opinion for the building of a new institution. This I endeavored to do by giving talks before the League of Women Voters, the Council of Social Agencies, and over the radio, as well as meeting numerous times with the County Commissioners.

The Judge, the Commissioners, and Lester Jack, Secretary of

the Vigo Co. Civic Assn., all favored erecting one large building called the "Congregate" plan. I, on the other hand, urged the "Cottage plan" for many reasons. I finally suggested a joint meeting of the County Council and the County Commissioners which I attended and recommended that they appoint a committee, to be accompanied by the architect, to visit several institutions, both "cottage" and "congregate" to help them decide which type they preferred. This was done. The President of the Council appointed Howard Leach, President of the Commissioners, Wayne Weber, the architect, and me, as members of the committee. We visited several institutions which were the best of their type in Indiana. On our way home, Mr. Leach said "I am sold on the Cottage Plan". This was an important conquest, as he had previously been a strong advocate of the Congregate Plan. After our committee made its report, the cottage plan was unanimously adopted and \$450,000.00 appropriated for three modern fireproof cottages and \$21,000.00 for equipment.

I collaborated with the architect in planning the buildings. We made an exhaustive study of the plans for a number of the best institutions in the U. S. which were sent to us by the Russell Sage Foundation. We also studied other plans by noted architects. I was able to have a number of my pet ideas introduced, such as private rooms for 14 of the largest children in each cottage, or Halls, as they are called at Glenn, a dining room and kitchen in each Hall to create a homelike atmosphere, a private office for each matron, side entrances leading into cloak rooms and lavatories, in addition to those on the second floor, so that

children would not have to track up and down the stairs when coming in from school or play. We bought beautiful draperies and plastic furniture in attractive color schemes for the living rooms, chrome chairs, with plastic seats, and duraflex table tops in the dining rooms, floor and table lamps, and a radio in each living room, etc. There is no other children's institution that I know about that is more modern than these new "Halls" at Glenn. Acting upon the request of the League of Women Voters, the County Commissioners honored me by naming one of the new buildings "Alden Hall."

In 1907, I was invited by my good friend, Beatrice Nave, to a hotel dance in Attica, Indiana. There I met a girl who I thought was one of the most beautiful, vivacious, witty, and altogether charming persons I had ever seen. I immediately "fell" for her and I thought she rather liked me. I later saw more of her at the Nave's and was even more impressed. She was the life of the little crowd gathered at the Nave's. She kept them all in a gale of laughter. After I returned to Terre Haute, I got to thinking about her and began to compare her, in my own mind, with other charming girls whom I knew and I decided that none had the glamour for me that she had. I decided to see more of her. This I did for a number of months, and as she lived only a short distance from Terre Haute, and as the trains ran on convenient schedules, this was not too difficult. The more I saw of her the more I liked her. So after a short time, the inevitable happened -- a proposal, an acceptance, and on April 30, 1908, a marriage! As you have probably guessed by this time, this lovely creature was your Mother! After a two week's honeymoon at French Lick

Springs Hotel, we returned to Terre Haute where we have resided for 10, these 45 years.

As a result of this union, we have had three lovely and very precious daughters, and one beautiful son, who died at birth due to the failure of the nurse to call the doctor in time. This was a terrible blow to your mother and to me for we had especially wanted a son to carry on the family name. My adorable grandson, Alden Meacher Taylor, now just 4 years old, is taking his place in our hearts. How I should love to live long enough to see him grow into young manhood! He has every virtue that I could ask for -- intelligence, good looks, a sense of humor, and a lovable disposition.

During the last two years I have undergone two great sorrows in the deaths of my two wonderful sisters. My sister, Jessie Alden Sugler died September 22, 1951 after an illness of several years, due to a series of light strokes, and my sister, Eva, who died peacefully in her sleep, from a blood clot, on August 30, 1952. This was a sudden and great shock and one from which I have not yet recovered. She had been a wonderful inspiration to me all my life and created in me a love for good music, works of art, and the finer things of life in general. Hers was a truly beautiful soul.

Well, my dear children, this is my story. It is filled with multitudinous details, many of which will be of little or no interest to you and which may never be read by any of you, but at the time the things mentioned were happening, they were of considerable importance and interest to me. They are the "ups" and

"downs" of my all too-long life and are of no great importance to anyone but myself. However, the facts are here related should you ever have any curiosity regarding them. I have found in my own life that, as I have grown older, there are many things I should like to know concerning my own parents which I regret not knowing, and that desire may possibly come to one of you some day.

In reading over this manuscript I fear that in some instances it will sound boastful to you, and I also fear that I have gone into too great details, but as it will go into no other hands but yours, I feel sure you will overlook it.

When a man, grown old, looks back over the mouldering past the things that happened in his younger and more vigorous days loom large in his memory and bring a sort of melancholy longing to live them all over again and to again commune with old and true friends most of whom have passed on. In less than three months I will be 85. My public career is ended. All I am now doing is to await the last round-up. Gloomy? Not at all. I am vitally interested in public affairs, in art, music and good plays. I enjoy contacts with my few remaining old friends and with the young and charming new ones I have acquired. I am happy in my home and in the love of my family, and I still have a feeling of exultation over the great beauty of the world. When these things no longer make their appeal -- I am indeed old!

Your devoted father.

Ernest G. Alden

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

By

Madelaine Berry

(Presented by the Herz Store over WBOW on May 12, 1943)

Again we take pleasure in bringing to you--through the courtesy of the Herz Store--an informal, neighborly chat about a Terre Haute personality--someone who has done a good job in the business of plain, everyday living. "Flowers for the Living", which is presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 P.M. is the Herz Store's recognition of quality in living. Remember--the Herz Store not only commends the factors of integrity, good will, service and friendliness which invariably are found in successful private lives. It endeavors consistently to emulate those qualities in the conduct of its business. So, when you shop at Herz--you'll find it a friendly store, devoted to the highest standards in service and merchandise. It will be my pleasure tonight, to talk about the man who is "Pater familias" to the largest family in town. He's Ernest Alden, Superintendent of the Chauncey Rose School. Mr. Alden has been father by proxy to nearly 3000 children during the course of his careers--and he's as proud of those children of his, as interested in their lives, as any real father could be. Ernest Alden is a tall, slender, scholarly, aristocratic-looking man. He rather looks as if he should be in the pulpit, a doctor's office, or a college classroom--but you have only to see him in his own domain of the

Chauncey Rose School to know that he has found his right and proper niche in life--the guidance and supervision of orphan children.

To understand how he came to go into this line of work, we must look back a bit--to the year 1877, when Chauncey Rose, a wealthy industrialist of this city, decided to found a home for orphans. Ernest Alden's father, the late Lyman Alden, was selected by the Board of Directors and the founder of the new orphanage, to head the institution. Lyman Alden had studied for the ministry, but had been obliged to give up the work because his voice failed him. He had gone into business, had been very successful at it too--but his ideas of serving mankind were more nearly approximated by working with orphans in a new institution than by a career in business, no matter how successful it was.

He assumed the superintendency of the Chauncey Rose Orphan's Home here in Terre Haute with the actual opening of the Home in 1884 and retained that position until his death in 1904. He was very successful in this field of endeavor. His son, Ernest Alden, had meantime grown into young manhood, and was working for the traction company. He was doing well too,--was treasurer, purchasing agent and assistant manager of the company, and prospects of greater success in the business world dangled before him.

With his father's death, there was left a vacancy which the Board of Directors felt only another Alden could fill--so Ernest Alden, the son, was asked to take his father's position. He had grown up in the work, so to speak, and the opportunity for

service it carried appealed to him strongly. After due consideration he accepted the position, and he has been there ever since.

For nearly 40 years he has been father, guide and mentor to the children of the Home. At his request, the name of the institution has been changed from the Chauncey Rose Orphan's Home to the Chauncey Rose School, since he thinks that the latter name is less institutional. That seems to have been his whole idea in all phases of his work--to make the orphanage seem less like an orphan's home--and more like a home and school combined.

If you've ever had your mind filled with the idea of an orphan's home as a drab, colorless and regimented institution--a short description of the Chauncey Rose School, as conducted by Ernest Alden, may be of value in changing your opinion. The School itself consists of that group of pleasant rather old-fashioned looking brick buildings located at the northeast corner of 25th and Wabash. It looks very much like what it is -- a cluster of brick homes located in a pretty suburban area. The grounds are beautifully kept--there are lovely shade trees--and back of the homes is a sizable dairy barn and fields, the domain of one of the finest herds of Holstein cattle in the state.

There's the main building containing reception rooms, Mr. Alden's office, the dining rooms, the Alden Family's living quarters, and the kitchen. The other buildings are designated by the names of "The girls' cottage" and the "Boys' cottage" which are each supervised by a pleasant, understanding house mother. Color has been used gaily and effectively in the decoration of these buildings.

The big, light, airy dining rooms, with round tables for small groups of diners--are beautifully bright. And the children's living rooms and dormitories in their respective cottages, are likewise gay with color. In visiting the school, you are impressed with the complete lack of regimentation of its young occupants. The children at the Chauncey Rose School aren't any more regimented than the youngsters in your own home. It has been Ernest Alden's ambition always to keep them happy and natural and independent, as well as healthy and well cared for. The children go to the city schools, just like your own children do--to Fairview School until they finish the sixth grade--then to Woodrow Wilson Junior High--then on to Wiley or Gerstmeyer. They have their own individualistic clothes--no uniforms--and they have quite a bit of say-so in the selection of their own clothes. Plenty of privilege too--for they strive for the honor of being on the honor roll, which enables them to go down town by themselves, to get books at the public library, participate in all their school events. And then of course, they have their own group interests at the home, such as clubs and dramatic affairs. They are permitted to visit friends' homes on week-ends. As to their physical development--well, that's marvelous. From the 3 year old toddlers, taking their afternoon naps in their bright immaculate dormitories, to the husky little fellows arriving home from school--one and all are rounded, sound specimens of youthful humanity--glowing testimony to Ernest Alden's consideration of the well-being of his young charges. It's a real treat to see the well-stocked storerooms--the

refrigerators stored with gallons of cream-rich milk from the Holstein herd--the big kitchen which gleams with cheer and cleanliness.

Under Ernest Alden's supervision, nothing has been left undone to make Chauncey Rose School an ideal home for homeless youngsters. They appreciate and love him too--for his understanding kindness. Smiling faces turn toward him everywhere he goes in the buildings and the grounds. Childish problems are presented to him. And when--after the children are on their own out in the world--they have vacations or furloughs, they usually come "home" to see Mr. and Mrs. Alden. Letters come into the office from all over the country and each letter seems to reiterate one statement, one belief "That you've been my father, Mr. Alden, and Mrs. Alden has been a mother to me."

Records kept by the school indicate that approximately 97% of the nearly 3000 children who have grown to manhood and womanhood under Ernest Alden's fatherly care have become useful, lawabiding citizens. That means a lot. There's a lot of meaning attached, too, to a statement made by Dr. A. T. Burnell of the Russell Sage Foundation, after an inspection tour which carried him to hundreds of orphanages throughout the United States. That statement, printed in the Russell Sage Foundation report says that the Chauncey Rose School is one of the 10 model institutions in the United States. There are no skeletons in the Chauncey Rose closet--everything is happy, bright, wholesome--an ideal environment for homeless children.

Most important testimonial of all is the success of Ernest Alden's

career as "father by proxy" is the fact that boys and girls who themselves grow up in the school, send their own babies there for care, should the need arise. There's a chubby three year old girl there right now, whose young father was a resident of the Chauncey Rose School in his youth. He was called into the army some time ago, the mother was obliged to go to work, and the young father came to Mr. Alden, asking if his baby could live at the home--for he stated "I know she'll be well taken care of and happy here while I'm gone."

Ernest Alden's interest in his big family extends beyond that required by his work. Those girls and boys who show great promise of success in college work--usually get that college education--through Ernest Alden's paternal interest. There's a boy who will enter West Point shortly--and a girl who finishes at Indiana State soon, and who has just had a Hollywood test for dramatic ability--just because Ernest Alden pulled a few strings, wisely and kindly. Mr. Alden and his family maintain their own living quarters at the school. Mrs. Alden, who aids her husband in being mother to the flock of orphans, semi-orphans, and children from inadequate homes--teaches at one of the city schools. Mr. Alden has three children of his very own--in addition to his nearly 3000 proxy children. Ernest Alden has done a grand job of molding and building young lives entrusted to his care. In so doing, he has inevitably built a happy, successful and admirable life for himself. And for those reasons--the Herz Store takes pleasure in sending him "Flowers for the Living" --

a dozen roses -- to Ernest Alden of the Chauncey Rose School,
25th and Wabash.

ANNO: "Flowers for the Living" has been brought to you through
the courtesy of the Herz Store.

TOM CHAMPION COLLECTION